THE LIVING AGE.

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THE EXILE'S SONG.

Now I tread the city broadways, and my heart is sore,
For the moor calls, and the wind calls, but I go there no more.
And I'm fain for the lonely road, and a wild gray sky,
And the screaming note in a curlew's throat as the rain comes rushing by.

Out beyond the stream of traffic is a stream I love,
And the old hills, the dear hills, and the stars that climb above;
And it's there my heart is roaming while I stand in the street,
And I hear the sigh of a dream gone by when the world was sweet.

My soul is sick of cities, and the crafty strife;
And if gold were all, and greed were all, I have had enough of life.
But always night and day I hear the moorland music creep
To the heart that shall be aching till I sleep.

Thomas Moult.

The Academy.

A PRAYER.

Earth, O my Mother, when thou shalt take me
To sleep in thy bosom, I pray thee wake me
When the Spring at the door is waiting,
When the blackbirds sing of mating,
When from the four winds comes the breath
Of life for the dry bones of death!

Content I will sleep till a far-off morn,
Have I seen once more a world newborn,
Buds of emerald, buds of red
Bursting forth from branches dead,
Known God's breath in winds that blow
Over the grass I lie below.

J. M. Krauss.

The Outlook.

HUNTING SONG.

I.

The hunt is up! the hunt is up!
It sounds from hill to hill,
It pierces to the hidden place
Where we are lying still;
And one of us the quarry is,
And one of us must go,
When, through the arches of the wood,
We hear the dread horn blow.

II.

A huntsman bold is Master Death,
And reckless does he ride,
And terror's hounds with bleeding fangs
Go baying at his side;
And will it be a milk-white doe,
Or little dappled fawn,
Or will it be an antlered stag
Must face the icy dawn?

III.

Or will it be a golden fox
Must leap from out his lair,
Or where the trailing shadows pass
A merry, romping hare?
The hunt is up, the horn is loud
By plain and covert side,
And one must run alone, alone,
When Death abroad does ride.

IV.

But idle 'tis to crouch in fear,
Since Death will find you out,
Then up and hold your head erect,
And pace the wood about,
And swim the stream, and leap the wall,
And race the starry mead,
Nor feel the bright teeth in your flank
Till they be there indeed.

V.

For in the secret hearts of men
Are peace and joy at one,
There is a pleasant land where stalks
No darkness in the sun,
And through the arches of the wood
Do break like silver foam,
Young laughter, and the noise of flutes,
And voices singing home.

Sylvia Lynd.

The Nation.

THE TURKISH POINT OF VIEW.

In the case of other great conflicts which have disturbed the peace of the world, public feeling in this country has usually been more or less keenly aroused, even when our own national and imperial interests were not appreciably involved. In the titanic struggle of the sixties, British sympathy was, on the whole, extended to the Southern States; it was very largely on the side of the French in 1870, and of the Turks in 1878. But the opinions expressed by the various English newspapers in these several periods were by no means unanimous, nor in any instance was either belligerent condemned by default through the absence of any adequate statement of his case. In the case, however, of the present struggle in the Nearer East one of the combatants has been practically undefended at the bar of public opinion in England. Not a single newspaper in Great Britain has expressed sympathy with the Ottoman cause or even endeavored to place before its readers any definite statement of the Turkish point of view. Our people, as they increase every day in prosperity and comfort, appear to concern themselves less and less with foreign affairs—some of the more thoughtful because of our heavy arrears of social reform in town and village, the less thoughtful very largely from the growing disregard for idealism in national conduct and from the impatience of Mr. Wells' "Bert" to concentrate thought and effort on "putting one's hand on the dibs" and "having a good time." The general interest aroused by the present conflict has been extremely faint. The Foreign Office is given a completely free hand to deal with the issues involved without any criticism from an Opposition keenly alive, as a rule, to seize opportunities for attack, while the general public seems to take for granted in the absence of any presentment of the case for Turkey that no such case exists. The writer may therefore be pardoned if he ventures to examine briefly the origin, progress and results of the Balkan War, and endeavors as an impartial spectator and personal participator in this cruel conflict to ask from the reading public some consideration of the Ottoman case in the spirit of our traditional "fair play."

The Turks themselves — well-informed soldiers and civilians as well as the "man in the street"—entered on the struggle in a spirit of thorough confidence and optimism. In the eyes of the average Turk the Montenegrin hillmen simply did not count, nor were the Greeks valued at a much higher estimate. The complete *débâcle* of the Hellenic forces in 1898 was still fresh in men's minds, and certain battalions of Edhem's army used to re-

1. "The Balkan War Drama." By A Special Correspondent. Andrew Melrose. 1913.
2. "With the Turks in Thrace." By E. Ashmead-Bartlett. Heinemann. 1913.
3. "With the Victorious Bulgarians." By Lieut. Wagner. Constable and Co. 1913.
4. "With the Conquered Turk." By Lionel James. Nelson and Sons. 1913.
5. "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe." By Captain Granville Baker. Seeley, Service and Co. 1913.
6. "Peace Theories and the Balkan War." By Norman Angell. Horace Marshall and Son. 1913.
7. "Turkey and the Eastern Question." By John Macdonald. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1913.
8. "Turquie Agonisante." By Pierre Loti. Calmann-Lévy. Paris. 1913.
9. "The Turks' Last Stand—A Lecture delivered at the University of London." By Félix Valyi. Cambridge: University Press. 1913.
10. "Les Atrocités des Coalises Balkaniques." By Le Comité de Publication, D.A.C.B. Constantinople. 1913.
11. "La Guerre d'Orient." By Jean Ruby (3 pamphlets). Imp. Kléber. Paris. 1913.
12. "A War Photographer in Thrace." By H. F. Baldwin. T. Fisher Unwin. 1913.

count how they marched against the Greeks with stones in their pockets, such missiles being found formidable enough for their timid adversaries. It was never believed that the Servians would ever stand against the Turkish advance, which would thus effectually cut off from the Bulgarians all succour from their western allies and leave them to the mercy of Abdullah Pasha in Thrace.

The current explanations of the Macedonian disaster, apart from defects of the Turkish commissariat and general organization, have taken shape in a series of general charges laid on the head of that veritable scape-goat —the Young Turkish Party. Journalists, whose knowledge of Turkey has been derived from a week's sojourn at Chorlu and the gossip of the Constantinople clubs, refer with damnable reiteration to the religious skepticism and drinking habits of the Young Turks, who are accused in the most nebulous fashion of having lessened the efficiency of the army. Do these glib critics imagine that in four years the Anatolian peasant has lost his religious faith and enthusiasm, and that well-to-do Turks, whether young or old, did not before 1908 occasionally violate the letter of the Koran by drinking a "petit verre"?

There is indeed no need to seek for other than military reasons for the utter failure in Macedonia and the partial failure in Thrace. Bluffed into fatal inaction again and again by Charkow, Turkey had lamentably failed in adequate preparations for the inevitable Balkan War. On the very verge of the outbreak, 150,000 of her best troops were disbanded. These men had been kept under arms in Syria for fifteen months continuously against possible risks from the Italians, and after their return to their long-neglected farms and families, remobilization was found impracticable in the case of a large minority. Meanwhile, Kiamil Pasha's haunting fears of Russian aggression kept some 70,000 of Turkey's most effective battalions on the Eastern frontiers of Asia Minor until November.

Mobilization was ordered on the 1st of October, but nothing was done until the 7th; and the troops that were finally rushed up to meet the allies' advance were to a large extent untrained and under-officered recruits. One battalion of *redifs* marched through Pera with four officers. The large force mobilized against Greece in 1898 was also largely composed of partially trained *redifs*, but Edhem Pasha had six clear weeks for drill and organization before the commencement of actual hostilities. The collapse of the Ottoman supplies of food and artillery ammunition, the absence of field telephones or telegraphs on the Lule Burgas-Viza line, the demoralization of the railway service caused by the hordes of refugees and the proved treachery of Greek employees along the line—these and other obvious reasons for the Turkish disasters have been accentuated again and again in the narratives of the war correspondents. In the case, however, of the Macedonian *débâcle* less light has been forthcoming: the combatants have fought in this obscurely understood campaign after the manner of Homeric warriors shrouded from the eyes of onlookers by the heaven-sent mist of a jealous goddess. The only bright gleams amid the ever-deepening gloom of military disaster have come from the stout defence by desperate, disorganized and half-starved troops at Janina and Scutari, and a number of minor positions scarcely heard of in the outer world. One signal defeat, too, was inflicted on the Greeks to the south of Monastir, though the three batteries captured on this occasion were subse-

quently retaken by the Servians after their magnificent success at Monastir.

The point not sufficiently realized by critics of the Turks in Macedonia is that Ahmed Riza's forces were hopelessly outnumbered from the first. The estimates of the Turkish armies furnished by European newspapers were grotesquely inaccurate, and it is quite clear that 100,000 men was the outside limit of the force employed against the combined attack of Greeks, Montenegrins, Servians, and, later on, some 60,000 Bulgarians. On the 31st of July, 1870, the German troops available for service at the front numbered 480,000, against 238,000 Frenchmen, but this numerical superiority was greatly exceeded in the case of the united allies in Macedonia. The occupation of "interior lines" could not compensate for the cruel inferiority in numbers, and Ahmed Riza made his desperate position infinitely worse by dissipating his strength in detached operations carried on by small bodies of men. The Turkish commander has been blamed for his failure to concentrate and crush his opponents in detail before any general union was effected. But quite apart from his numerical weakness there were two vital factors in the situation which have been largely overlooked—the activity of the irregular "bands," and the unreliability of the Albanian troops. The invaders received aid of incalculable value from thousands of Christians who acted as spies and guides. At every town the Turks were harassed by the guerilla assaults of the Komitadjis, their communications were constantly cut, their convoys destroyed, their blockhouses and barracks blown up. On the eve of hostilities Sandansky, by his occupation of the Kresna Pass, in the valley of the Struma, effectually controlled one of the most important lines of communication between Salonika or Serres and the north. During the final retirement upon Salonika an entire train crowded with some 700 soldiers fell headlong to destruction with all its human freight from a broken bridge into the ravine below, and despite a rumor that the Turks had themselves blown a gap in the structure, this appalling catastrophe—scarcely noticed in the general avalanche of disaster—was more probably caused by a Komitadji band. The scenes of enthusiasm which have marked the entry of the allied forces into Salonika, Dedeagatch, Janina and other towns enable us to realize the general hostility of the environment which surrounded the weak and scattered divisions of the Turkish army in Macedonia. The defenders were not even united in this time of stress and peril. The number of the Christian soldiers in the Sultan's service did not apparently exceed some 5 or 6 per cent.; but a mere handful of traitors or deserters can in "tight places" bring about a deplorable amount of discouragement and panic. Masséna once declared that 10 per cent. of cowards could make any regiment run away. The Turkish commanders were heavily handicapped throughout by the presence of disaffected Christians in the ranks. Some of these men, prisoners at Stara Zagora, wore Bulgarian colors and said "We fired in the air, and when our battalion fell to pieces we were glad, very glad." The one exception was furnished by the Armenians, who almost alone among their Christian comrades fought and died bravely for the Empire.

A far more serious obstacle to Turkish success was presented by the unexpected indifference or disloyalty of the Albanian Moslems. It is no exaggeration to say that the practically wholesale defection of these hillmen gave the deathblow to any chances

which the Ottoman forces may have possessed at the commencement of the Macedonian campaign. The Albanians had always been the *enfants gâtés* of Abdul Hamid, and their rugged country had come to be regarded as the best recruiting-ground for the Sultan's army. For various reasons, the Albanian hillmen, during the present hostilities, have, with some exceptions, maintained an attitude of sullen hostility to the Ottoman cause. They did not, it is true, assist the Christian allies, at whose hands they were destined ultimately to suffer pillage, outrage, and massacre; but their defection was fatal to the Turks. The following telegrams will help to illustrate the point. One was found addressed to the Albanian leader, Bolletinatz, from the Turkish General:

"We sent you 63,000 rifles: why have we never heard of your being in action?"

Essad Pasha, in command of a division of Albanian *redifs*, telegraphs:

"For the love of God and of the Prophet do not leave me alone with this population. Send me some Turks."

From Pristina comes a message sent by Mahmud Pasha:

"Cursed be this people whom we call noble! Send me Turks!"

The 7500 Albanians who, with 2500 Turks, composed the Elbasan division, flatly refused to advance against the Servians and so involved the entire force in a disastrous retreat.

In the two main engagements in Thrace, the Turks were badly worsted at Lule Burgas-Viza, and signally successful at Tchataldja. As far, therefore, as the Eastern campaign was concerned, the Turks on the 21st of November were not a beaten army in the sense in which the French were beaten in 1870. Their confused retreat over ground eminently suitable for mounted troops was not interfered with by the Bulgarian cavalry, and it soon became evident that a really formidable stand would be made in the new position. Nazim Pasha may have had his faults and limitations, but he succeeded in creating order out of chaos and in winning the one big Turkish victory. Throughout the earlier period of the war he never despaired, and he certainly deserved a better fate. Nevertheless, the acceptance of the Bulgarian armistice-terms was a serious blunder. The Turks had everything to lose and little to win from the temporary cessation of hostilities, and a strong feeling existed that in any case Kiamil Pasha should have addressed himself to the Powers and not to the allies. The defeat inflicted on the Bulgarians at Tchataldja was far greater than even the Turks themselves realized at the time; for it seems clear that a loss variously estimated at 15,000 to 20,000 men was the outcome of Bulgarian over-confidence in the valley between Boyuk Tchmekmedje and Derkos. Those of us who witnessed the attack can only conjecture that the artillery fire of the Turkish forts and redoubts at ranges *found accurately beforehand in the ten-days' interval* must have been of the most deadly character. Then again the cholera-germs left behind during the retirement of the Anatolian troops were afforded full scope through the Bulgarians' shocking neglect of ordinary camp sanitation and shortage of food; and the advent of this dreadful malady caused a veritable panic amongst the invaders. Those present in the allied camp tell us of the frenzied terror inspired by the cry of "cholera," of tents and railway trains resounding with the screams of the victims. Nazim's hungry and tired men were for nearly a week struck down at the rate of 1000 a day, but the Turkish sufferers endured their

miserable doom with resignation and fortitude; no cries ascended from the thousands of suffering men who died on the muddy fields of Hademkeui and San Stefano. And at this critical juncture, when the enemy, exhausted by their tremendous efforts and heavy losses in the earlier battle, had just been repulsed with great slaughter—an entire battalion had been surrounded and bayoneted by a body of Turkish reserves at Kizil-Dzarli on the Derkos side—at this moment too when the Bulgarian morale was being undermined by the ravages of cholera and semi-starvation, while the Turkish defenders had at length secured rest, shelter, and abundant rations—Nazim Pasha and the Grand Vizier determined to arrange an armistice. Nazim was tricked from start to finish by General Savoff whose men had infinitely more to gain from a cessation of hostilities than the Sultan's troops. The Ottoman commander with excellent cards in his hand simply played the Bulgarian game by accepting the grotesquely unfair conditions with regard to Adrianople. Shukri Pasha's gallant army with all the civilian population of Adrianople were doomed to long days of inaction and short commons while food convoys were allowed to pass to the besiegers within effective range of the fortress' guns. It is indeed difficult to understand how any conceivable good could accrue to the Ottoman army from this armistice which, by a piece of typical sharp practice, did not cover the mischievous activities of the Greek fleet. One can hardly exaggerate the intense indignation aroused amongst a large section of the Ottoman population, civil and military alike, over the almost incredible folly and weakness of Kiamil's and Nazim's action in arranging the one-sided terms of the Tchataldja truce.

From the tangle of the Thracian narratives, necessarily imperfect, as compiled by correspondents who rarely witnessed any actual fighting, two definite occurrences stand out—the engagements at Lule Burgas and Tchataldja. Critics have deplored the absence of any coherent description of the capture of the "fortress of Kirk Kilisseh"; but it is clear that no such battle as that usually presupposed ever took place. The conversion of Kirk Kilisseh into a strongly fortified position, had, it is true, formed part of the Turkish plan of defence in the "inevitable war" against the Bulgarians; but for various reasons, economic and otherwise, very little had been accomplished. Had it been otherwise the history of the campaign might have been altered to the detriment of the allied armies. This failure to fortify Kirk Kilisseh adequately was indeed a cardinal mistake of the Ottoman staff on the Thracian side, for the position, according to the defence scheme of 1881, would have formed a second fortress, strongly entrenched, and capable, with Adrianople, of at least seriously delaying the Bulgarian advance. As it was, the main fighting took place in open country to the north and north-west of the town, which lies in a hollow, and was last October defended only by a few hasty entrenchments and three neglected redoubts armed with antiquated artillery.

All Moslems and many of the Sultan's Christian subjects are convinced that the Turks are the victims of a gigantic European conspiracy to rob them of their territory by fair means or foul. They maintain that successive attempts to establish good government in Macedonia have been deliberately frustrated by Russia and the Balkan States and that a well-governed and tranquil Turkey was the very last thing really desired by the

Powers, who, on their side, never hesitated to violate the most solemn treaty-engagements for their own ends, when any safe opportunity arose. Russia rode rough-shod over her pledges with reference to Batoum; Italy's duplicity was especially discreditable, for, according to Turkish statements, a few weeks before the Tripolitan War broke out the king of Italy welcomed Prince Yussuf Eddin to Rome and, after "embracing him three times," gave him a definite assurance that no war would take place over Tripoli. Austria's case was worse, for she tore up treaties without even troubling to put forward a pretext. Great Britain, besides her earlier pledges in the Treaty of Berlin, undertook in 1878, as a special condition of her occupation of Cyprus, to defend the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Compared with the *splendide mendax* character of these larger obligations the later declaration of the Powers as to the maintenance of the *status quo*, "whatever the result of the war," fades into insignificance. The churches of Christendom seldom raise their voices against the violation of a treaty where weak Moslem people are concerned. Opportunism, hypocrisy, and brute force are, in the eyes of the Turk, the weapons upon which the Cross now relies in its war of extermination against the Crescent.

The Turks point to the whole history of the Balkan question in support of their contention; nor can their case against the Revolutionary Committee, that *fons et origo* of Macedonian disturbance and massacre, be ignored. One of the fairest and best informed students of the Balkan problem, the author of "The Balkan War Drama," whose sympathies are by no means pro-Turk, describes the revolutionary propaganda of the Bulgarians as follows:

"The policy carried on by this body was one of the most diabolical that had yet been invented throughout the blood-stained history of the Balkan problem. A group of enthusiasts had noticed how easily sympathy was aroused once 'massacres' were mentioned, and they at once set to work to encourage massacre . . . . The most effective way of doing this was to put bombs in the midst of a Mohommedan crowd in some remote village—on a market day for preference. The bomb would explode and kill three or four persons; it was whispered that this was the work of Bulgarians, and the incensed crowd would see red and massacre every Bulgarian on whom it could lay hands. It was then easy enough to say that the bomb was the work of the Young Turks, while there could be no dispute as to who had committed the subsequent massacres."

Nobody with first-hand knowledge of the Macedonian troubles has ever questioned these facts. So sincere an admirer of the Bulgarians as Lieut. Wagner admits them without hesitation; and it is notorious that the Kotchana massacre which stirred the Bulgarians to frenzy was brought about by the same infamous use of Bulgarian bombs. The Komitadji bands stopped at nothing in their determination to keep the Macedonian agitation open. At Salonika bombs were even exploded on the French ship "Guadeloupe" and in the Ottoman Bank; this was followed by the cutting of the gas and water mains. "Despairing cries," writes an eyewitness, "of *'Aman! Aman!'* ('Mercy! Mercy!') were heard in the streets. Then began outbreaks of fire, and soon the sky was all a glowing red." The dynamite used by the bands came largely from Russia, packed in sardine-boxes, and the Servian, Bulgarian, and Greek monasteries, subsidized by their respective governments, provided the Komitadjis with

a safe retreat from the pursuit of the Ottoman authorities.

Amid all the evidence, varied, cumulative, and irresistible for the evil and persistent work of those *agents provocateurs*, the Komitadji bands, the Turks have been continually denounced for their failure to establish settled government in Macedonia. The bands were not only subsidized from Sofia, Athens, and Belgrade, but actually organized by well-known officers and professors like Panitza, Nikolaieff, and Matoff. For the cruel history of Macedonia, for the blood and tears of innocent peasants, Turkish and Christian, heavy may be the past responsibility of inefficient rulers, but heavier still that of the European Powers who failed from self-seeking greed to use their strength to good purpose, and heaviest that of the authors of the infamous policy which was framed in order to destroy the possibility of reform.

"For years," writes Lieut. Wagner —who, whatever his eccentricities as a war-correspondent, possesses an intimate knowledge of and admiration for the Bulgarian people—"the Komitadjis have with rifle, knife, revolver, and bomb, waged a terrible guerilla war in Macedonia against everything that is not Bulgarian. Mercy there is none, not even to old men and women and children."

Sandansky, whose hands, according to his own boast, were red with the blood of three hundred murders, has been employed in this modern crusade; nor has the Bulgarian Government hesitated to accept the services of 12,000 men whose brutal savagery trampled on every law and custom of civilized warfare. It would in short be difficult to find in history a more shameful application of the doctrine of doing evil that good may come. And what was the good aimed at by the authors and followers of the Komitadji policy? Sentimental journalists and the members of the Balkan Committee may repeat *ad nauseam* the hypocrisy of King Ferdinand's appeal on behalf of the oppressed Christians of Macedonia, but no educated person in Turkey, Moslem or Christian, is deceived by the utter insincerity of this cry. "Turk, Albanian, Serb, and Greek alike, trembled before these sons of Hell" is a fair epitome of Bulgaria's action in Macedonia for the last twelve years. The whole motive of the Bulgarians, from start to finish, has been the lust of territory; and the war has been one of conquest, pure and simple. The Montenegrin Premier has naively admitted that the possession of Skutari was the main objective which led his country to declare war. In the same spirit on March 13th, 1912, a secret treaty was concluded which assigned all territory north of the Shar range to Servia and south of it to Bulgaria—the Cazas of Koumanovo, Uskub, Divra, and Straga were to be allotted by Russian arbitration. The Christians who forced this war upon Turkey in order to "liberate their co-religionists" have long since made clear the real purport of the campaign, and crusading zeal has been revealed as a feverish scramble for territory. Bulgarian jealousy of Greece caused the quite unnecessary dispatch of 60,000 troops of the Thracian army to Salonika and paralyzed any effective action before the Tchataldja defences. The inhabitants of Serres and Cavalla have forwarded petitions to Athens against Bulgarian annexation, while at Nigrita one section of the Crusaders has been bombarded by the other. The Greek words for Bulgarian and barbarian are used interchangeably at Athens, and the following casual extract from a Greek newspaper of the 17th of October, 1904, may serve to indicate the mutual feeling which ex-

ists between two of the Balkan allies —"Eight hundred thousand Greeks have been (by the Reforms of Mürzsteg) left to the mercy of those greatest assassins and bandits, the Bulgarians. Let us put aside prayers and overtures; all our energies should be concentrated on vengeance; blood must be shed. Thus shall we aid Turkey, whose great desire is to exterminate all these scoundrels of Bulgarians." Nor on the other hand have the Bulgarians ever forgotten Servia's treacherous attack at a moment of national crisis and peril in 1885.

When a thoughtful Turk asks in painful amazement—for he deeply reveres the Founder of Christianity—how it comes to pass that the Christian nations of Europe condone the terrorist policy of the Komitadjis and sympathize with wars of conquest and aggrandizement, he receives the answer that the Young Turks had their chance in Macedonia and lost it, that Turkish rule has been synonymous with oppression and massacre, and that in any case the Turk is incapable of progress or civilized government.

That the Young Turks were afforded any real opportunity of settling the vexed question of Macedonian government they indignantly deny. That men like Enver Bey, Mahmud Shevket or Fehti Bey are genuine and disinterested reformers no one can doubt who has known them personally or understood the story of their pathetic failure. The welcome extended to the Reformers by the European Powers was mere lip-service. The task they had undertaken was colossal, and demanded a long period of national leisure for social and economic reconstruction. Yet for the cleansing of the Augean stable of Abdul Hamid's misrule the Young Turks were scarcely allowed six months! The idea of a rejuvenated and well governed Turkey had become a veritable nightmare to her Christian neighbors; a settled Macedonia might prove a fatal hindrance to Austria's hopes of Salonika, Bulgaria's dream of empire, Russia's plans of Slav ascendancy and the control of the Dardanelles. The limited autonomy conceded to Macedonia in 1906 had been accepted by the Bulgarian war-party with the worst possible grace, and the unpopularity of King Ferdinand became intensified when the confusion produced in Turkey by the new reform movement was not at once taken advantage of for a declaration of hostilities. The whole of Europe seemed, in the eyes of the Young Turks, to be united in a malevolent conspiracy to ruin their prospects and defeat their efforts for national betterment.

Within a few months the savagery of the Komitadji bands was renewed with a violence which the Ottoman authorities and their foreign Gendarmerie officers were almost powerless to control. Some of the bandits were surrounded and exterminated, but these attempts to restore public order were loudly denounced in the European Press as a patent proof that the Young Turks' rule was as iniquitous as that of Abdul Hamid. Austria, in callous disregard of treaty engagements, annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina; Bulgaria, after a dishonorable repudiation of her financial obligations as regards a share of the Ottoman debt, proceeded to reject the suzerainty of the Sultan. Proofs were forthcoming—so responsible Turkish statesmen aver—that the last revolt in the Yemen was instigated by a foreign Power, while Italy, with the apparent approval of England and France, invaded the vilayet of Tripoli without a shadow of justification. The loss of Tripoli and Bosnia and Herzegovina was of little material consequence to Turkey—the African ter-

ritory had been administered at a heavy annual loss—but the blow to the prestige of the reformers occasioned by these repeated losses and failures was almost fatal to their schemes of social reform and honest government. Mistakes were indubitably made by the Young Turks, and the worst blunder was their failure to come to terms with the Greeks. Crete has proved a veritable curse to the Ottoman Empire. In 1881, however, the Porte formally offered the island to the Hellenic Government in return for some slight readjustment of the Thessalian frontier. Once more the Powers intervened to veto this happy solution. Later on the value of a Greco-Turkish *entente* was realized by some of Turkey's best friends, but the reformers held back and nothing was done in this direction. Right dearly has Turkey paid for this diplomatic error.

When King Ferdinand in his famous Declaration of the 17th of October described the coming campaign as "a war of the Cross against the Crescent" it was realized that the gates were being opened to the worst features of religious fanaticism and pitiless savagery. Such anticipations have been amply fulfilled. It may be said without fear of contradiction that modern history furnishes no parallel to the atrocities inflicted by the allied invaders upon the helpless Moslem inhabitants of Macedonia. A strange silence has been observed with regard to these happenings by the English Press. In the absence of sanguinary battles, the public has lost all interest in the campaign, and our politicians are Gallios who care for none of these things so long as the victims are only Moslem Arabs in the Tripoli oasis or Moslem Turks in the towns and villages of Macedonia. It is impossible to do justice to the evidence within the limits of this paper, but after a careful sifting of the records and the elimination of everything except the testimony of reliable eyewitnesses, so terrible an indictment remains against the invaders that Dr. Daneff was well advised in requesting the non-publication of certain evidence on the ground that it would prejudice the cause of the allies in the eyes of the British public. Sir Edward Grey has refused to publish the reports forwarded from Macedonia by our own Consuls, but ample evidence has been forthcoming from a veritable cloud of responsible and reliable witnesses including the correspondents of the "Messagero" and the "Kölnische Zeitung," the French General Baumann, the priest Brunau, and the Italian Fathers at Dedeagatch.

A representative of one of the Great Powers at Constantinople writes as follows:

"Dans les Balkans . . . les massacres continuent. Le nombre les Turcs massacrés monte á 240,000 personnes. Et je n'ai pas exagéré ce nombre. Si l'Europe voulait intervenir une fois! Cette Europe qui est intervenu quand un berger Bulgare ou un voleur de moutons Serbe a été tue!"

The lowest estimate of the appalling massacre at Serres on November 27th puts the number of the slain at 1800. From the official reports of the Austrian consuls we learn that between Kumanovo and Uskub some 3000 inhabitants were put to death. The Albanians have been slaughtered in wholesale fashion by the Servian troops, no mercy being given even to old men, women, or children. At Ferisovitch, for example, it appears that some 400 fugitives were collected and killed *en masse*. The most sickening details of these infamies are furnished by trustworthy eyewitnesses. A German who stood within fifteen or twenty metres of some appalling Komitadji atrocities at Cavalla writes as follows (translated):

"The Komitadjis, in order to celebrate their arrival, seized thirty-nine Turkish notables for the purpose of a public massacre. This is how they set to work. They stripped the prisoners naked and then tied them together in groups of three. One of each group was pierced with bayonet thrusts and finally decapitated, the second treated similarly, and the third, dragged down by the weight of the two corpses, was bled like a sheep by the severance of his two carotid arteries."

In short, every fiendish refinement of human cruelty was employed in this wholesale destruction of non-combatants. Little children were cut into small pieces before the eyes of their parents, who were themselves soaked in petroleum and so burnt alive. One of the doctors of the Red Cross testifies that he discovered in the pocket of a Servian officer who was in his care two severed fingers from a woman's hand, one of them with a ring on it. In every direction helpless Moslem women were violated by the officers and soldiers of the Cross.

Frequently in the treatment meted out to the unfortunate soldiers who had been taken prisoners, little regard was paid to the ordinary laws of civilized warfare. Ill-treated, starved, and pillaged, these wretched captives have in some cases been slaughtered in cold blood. Mehmed Sirri Bey, a *chef de Bureau* in the Postal Service at Zelhova, whose account is independently corroborated by the correspondent of the "Kölnische Zeitung," states that some 12,000 Turkish soldiers were collected at Serres, marched outside the town, and there tied together in batches and massacred in cold blood. After the recital of infamies almost incredible in the twentieth century it would be an anti-climax to deal with the evidence for the systematic pillage and incendiarism which has marked the course of the Allies' victorious advance.

The ordinary criticism passed upon these outrages is that they are horrible enough; but, after all, the Turk did exactly the same when he was the upper dog, and what is happening now is prompted by a natural and almost inevitable spirit of reprisal. It is further alleged by way of excuse that the Turkish troops pillaged and massacred Christians during the retreat. That in former days Ottoman troops have at times been guilty of outrage and murder cannot be denied, but apart from the two terrible massacres perpetrated in Armenia under Abdul Hamid and at Adana during the Young Turkish *régime* it is unquestioned that the brutality exhibited from time to time in Macedonia was deliberately provoked by the bandit emissaries of Bulgaria. As to the alleged outrages during the retreat, very little definite evidence is forthcoming. Lieut. Wagner speaks of a massacre by Turkish troops at Furnevo, but later on repeats the same story as fresh evidence. In Thrace no evidence whatever was forthcoming of Turkish violence. The leading correspondents unanimously acquit the Turks of the vague and indefinite charges brought against them. The general character of these allegations can be judged from two *official* statements emanating from Athens and Sofia. In the one case an official Greek bulletin declared that the Turkish doctors had gone to the front to infect the Allies' drinking-water with the bacilli of cholera and enteric—a disgraceful slander of which M. Caradjas failed to substantiate a single word. In the other case an official *communiqué* from Sofia to Bucharest declaring: "A Constantinople même, il y a beaucoup de Bulgares massacrés," was an equally baseless fiction. Throughout the campaign any Christian could walk through the streets of Stamboul without fear of molestation or even insult;

nor amid the bitter resentment against Italy in 1911-12 did any Italian suffer the slightest maltreatment in the capital. During Edhem Pasha's victorious advance in 1898 the Ottoman troops invariably respected the lives, honor, and property of non-combatants.

The present writer rode in the Turkish retreat from Viza to Tcherkeskeui over country unvisited by any journalist, and saw no trace of outrage or even ordinary pilfering amongst the starving troops. Tchorlu is a large village containing a number of Greek and Bulgarian inhabitants, not one of whom was molested in any way by Abdullah Pasha's soldiers. The real basic fact is that the Turk is not by nature a violent and murderous person, but according to the universal verdict of those who really know him, quiet, tolerant, and considerate. Take one striking instance. In November last, a Turkish patrol in front of the Tchataldja lines came across a number of Christians—Ottoman subjects—busily digging trenches which would be occupied by the Bulgarian troops on their arrival. If the position had been reversed what mercy would have been shown to Moslem peasants by the allied forces? As it was, these traitors were not butchered or even maltreated, but simply marched off to headquarters for a proper trial. Even had the Turks done violence to the Christians during their retreat they might have put forward as some excuse the undoubted fact that these Bulgarian and Greek villagers were acting throughout the war as spies and traitors. However, the most valid refutation of the charges brought against the Ottoman troops is furnished by a telegram passed by the censor and received in Belgrade from the Servian front at the moment when the wild talk of Turkish atrocities was at its height:

"The further progress is made, the more certain it is that the atrocities are due to the Arnauts and not to the Turks."

The massacre of Moslems in Albania and Macedonia is not wholly explained by the existence of racial and religious bitterness, nor again by that sheer blood-lust which has sometimes stained the record of combatants much more highly civilized than Serbs and Bulgarians. The main incentive in this wholesale slaughter is agrarian—the desire to possess the land and houses of the Moslems. For the first time in civilized warfare it seems to be taken for granted that the inhabitants of a conquered territory are *ipso facto* deprived of their farms and other property, and that the Moslem refugees who have managed to escape from outrage and murder must be provided with fresh land in Asia Minor without a farthing of compensation from the conquerors. This monstrous doctrine, absolutely at variance with the laws of modern war, is apparently accepted by the Balkan Committee without any scruple. By the simple expedient of wholesale massacre, the Serbs and Bulgarians have taken care that the peasants left behind in the flight should make as few claims as possible for land or compensation. Already in Albania the farms of Moslems executed on the flimsiest pretexts have been bought by Christian informers for ridiculously small prices *from the Servian Government.*

By the time these lines are printed the long delayed agreement may have been reached, and one more eventful chapter completed in the blood-stained history of the Balkan communities. The Balkan States are drained of men and money, and the persistent demand for an impossible indemnity is the outcome of the economic collapse which stares them in the face when hostilities are over. But for monetary assis-

tance from Russia, Bulgaria could not have continued the campaign after the armistice. Turkey, deprived of all financial as well as moral support from the European Powers, has only by the most desperate efforts succeeded in prolonging the war and even bettering her military position; but her officials remain unpaid, treasury bonds are being repudiated (with ultimate responsibility for 9 per cent. interest), and it is difficult to see from what further sources she can draw for the mere upkeep of her army in the field. As far as the public concerned itself with the question, the Turks were generally blamed for the failure of the earlier conference. Nevertheless, it is a misuse of language to talk of the London "negotiations." Negotiations there were none; the Allies simply stated their terms, and refused every single concession; nor could the Turks, who had recently inflicted a severe defeat upon their enemies, and whose capital was unassailable by land or water, possibly accept the new Thracian frontier demanded by the Allies. To go no further, the town of Muradli, within Bulgarian territory under the new proposals, is only fifteen miles from Rodosto, the occupation of which might paralyze any effective military movements in defence of the capital. If Adrianople and Kirk Kilisseh go, the Turks will find it necessary to establish at any rate one outer line of defence in lieu of the two which may have been lost, Adrianople-Kirk Kilisseh and Lule Burgas-Viza. A frontier running in a straight line from Cape Hagios Stephanos on the east to the bend of the Maritza, east of Demotika, and thence along that river to Enos, would doubtless be accepted by the Ottoman Government as providing them with a reasonable extent of territory for the defence of Constantinople. In any case the permanent maintenance of a large force along the Tchataldja lines will be a military necessity for the Turks, and on the whole will cost less than the upkeep of the Macedonian garrisons, and the drain of men and money involved in the repression of perpetual unrest in the vilayets of European Turkey.

The average Turk confronts the situation with the characteristic fortitude and dignity of his race. His forefathers came from Asia and thither he returns. For years past many of the better class Ottomans, mindful of their coming doom in Europe, have sent their dead across the Sea of Marmora for sepulture among the cypresses of Skutari and Haidar Pasha. Macedonia and Albania and nearly all Rumelia have gone for ever, but no cry of *revanche* will ever turn the hearts of the coming generation towards the surrendered provinces. The blood and treasure of Anatolia have been poured into Macedonia to little purpose and small profit, and few Turks waste useless regrets upon the loss of Albania, Tripoli, or Crete. The eyes of the Turkish people turn bravely from the survey of their unspeakable calamities to the hope of some better future in Anatolia. Asia Minor is full of latent wealth; Mehmet Ali once remarked that he would exchange the whole of Egypt for the rich plateau of Adana. Minerals and oil await development, and the railway system is in its infancy. Already the Turks are making fresh efforts for administrative reforms in the Asiatic vilayets. Some 5000 gendarmes from Rumelia have been distributed through Asia, and a new system of grouping inspectors of Gendarmerie, with one European officer in each group, has been recently established.

The all-important question which the Turks now ask themselves is, Will Europe grant us breathing space to show what we can do in the territory

which still remains to us? Ominous signs are not wanting in the Russian and French Press that fresh pretexts for interference in the affairs of Turkey are being sought from alleged "unrest" in Syria and Armenia, though reliable proofs are forthcoming to the effect that recent "disturbances" in Armenia were due entirely to two outlaws who have since escaped into Persia, demand for their extradition being refused by the "Persian Government." The riots at Beirut were simply a window-smashing demonstration by a section of the inhabitants against the local tramway company. If the Osmanlis are brought to realize that they are marked out for destruction, whatever they do and wherever they dwell, and yield themselves up to despair—*una salus victis nullam sperare salutem*—England and France may find themselves one day in the midst of a veritable conflagration among their African and Asiatic subjects, the successful extinction of which would merely provide a clearance for Russia's further advance. On the other hand, the Anatolian Turk, in the experience of all who know him, is well worth preservation—honest, clean, sober, brave, kindly, tolerant and self-respecting. Surely the Turks have suffered enough for the past sins of Abdul Hamid and may well demand from the justice and generosity of, at least, England and Germany, the boon they crave—a period of healing peace which may serve to build up the remains of their shattered Empire on a basis of constitutional government and incorrupt administration.

E. N. Bennett.

The Edinburgh Review.

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON.

Crown'd with the sparkle of a star,
And throned an orb of ashen white.

It is a relief to the weary soul seeking rest from the strain and stress of modern life to turn the thoughts now and then towards the calm sublimity of the heavens. The busy haunts of men are soon left far behind, and the mind untrammelled soars aloft to a realm where, "There is neither speech nor language; but their voices are heard among them." An infinite peace descends upon the Earth; the curtains of the heavens unfold, disclosing their hidden glories—the clustering constellations, the twinkling stars extending far into the mysterious depths of the Milky Way; and the Moon in her season exhibiting her varying phases from slender crescent to full round orb. At such moments the thoughts wander eastwards, to the land of hoary tradition, where Earth's early inhabitants first awoke to the wonders of the starlit firmament. Their conception of "things seen in the sky," though crude, were to them downright realities, for they had in full perfection the faculty of childhood of making everything out of anything, and believing with a large and implicit faith in the creations of imagination. The pathless comet, with shaggy mane and flowing garments, was a harbinger from the gods heralding the decrees of offended deity, and the flash of meteors athwart the sky told of warfare raging among the powers above. Out of these primitive impressions there grew a wealth of myth and marvel that has made their conceptions of the heavens an inexhaustible repertory of legends and superstitions for all succeeding generations.

But uplifted admiring eyes greeted the softened splendors of the Queen of

the Night as she sailed forth, calm in majestic radiance, and held sway amid the host of heaven, whose coming and going, because of their regularity, inspired confidence and repose. We should, however, be led far from our scope and purpose were we to dwell upon the alluring theme, or notice a tithe of the graceful stories woven about the

Orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon.

We may touch but lightly on these things as we pass on to consider the truths the telescope has revealed to the patient interrogations of the astronomer. The physicist, indeed, tells us that she is the veritable offspring of the Earth, born in the days when Earth was young, whirling in giddy flight about her lord, the Sun.

And this child of the Earth has a history that carries the thoughts back to the old-world scenes enacted on the plains of Chaldea, where the priest-astronomer, on his terraced pyramid of Belus, casting an eagle glance athwart the heavens, marks out in bold outline the signs by which we to-day recognize the constellations.[1] Little did he dream while devising his method of foretelling eclipses of the Moon that he was observing for far-distant posterity; that his labors were laying the foundation of a structure from whose summit the heavens would be gauged and their mysteries unravelled.

Glancing along the opening vista nomadic tribes appear, ranging the trackless plains of Shinar, who look upon the Moon as a friendly guide shedding a mild radiance on their wanderings by night, seeking fresh pasture for their flocks. Well might they gaze in mute astonishment upon the celestial scene, and note the movements of the Moon and the heavenly bodies. In course of time the Moon became the goddess Ashtoreth, and the bride of Belus, the Sun-god, and temples were erected in her honor in the land of Ur, the birthplace of Abraham. Here she was worshipped under the names of the Queen of Love and War, or the Bright One. We listen in thought to the priests chanting her praises to the tinkling of cymbals. But who shall lay bare the mystery of Isis, on whose image is engraven, "I am that which is, has been, and shall be. My veil no one has lifted"?

Ages roll by in silent forgetfulness; a new era dawns upon the world of thought, and gradually the mystic web untutored vision had cast about the Moon fades away. Careful inquiry pierced the veil, revealing glimpses of another world full of marvellous possibilities, a world peopled, it might be, by living, breathing, intelligent beings akin to ourselves. A new field was thrown open for speculation, wherein imagination found refuge from prosaic fact with the poet and the romancer, who vied with each other in weaving stories of a lunar Arcadia.

The subject became much too fascinating to be left entirely to the dreamer of dreams. Men of science, with primitive spy-glass in hand, refused to believe that the new world just breaking upon their amazed vision was a lifeless globe. They reasoned that the Moon is similarly circumstanced to the Earth, made up, no doubt, of similar materials; the Earth is inhabited, why then should not the Moon also be inhabited? A good glass and keen eyesight, aided with just a little imagination, saw the outlines of mountain ranges; therefore must there be valleys, diversified doubtless with sylvan scenery. These

[1] The oldest existing representation of the constellations is that on the Babylonian black stone in the British Museum. The zodiacal signs found in India are now admitted by all Sanskrit scholars to be of modern date. Perhaps about the beginning of our era.

things being so, does it not follow that there must be rivers, seas, and oceans; consequently, blue skies flecked with cloudlets? Its mountain crags, indeed, may afford foothold for many a baronial mansion, whose lord may rule over his liegemen in true feudal fashion. In the fulness of his new-born belief one enthusiast (Butler) declared that he had seen an elephant in the Moon. And in those days no one could say him nay. Nor for many long years after would it avail to say that all the elephants in Africa if transported to the Moon and herded together would hardly make an object big enough for detection on Earth, A telescope magnifying a thousandfold would still leave our satellite 240 miles off, and anyone can judge what could be made out of the largest and loftiest building on Earth—say the great pyramid of Egypt—at that distance.

Here we touch an element of human activity always present where the view is obscured by the dim or doubtful: the personal equation. It is not always easy to resist the influence of those who, inspired with a love of the marvellous, tell of wonderful things about to happen, or that really exist all unknown to the rest of the world. Their child-like belief in creations of the imaginations are apt to carry us away, until something tangible is reached. But everyone admires the genius that throws a halo of romance along the darkest path—until the light of truth breaks the spell.

There are others who have a wholesome dread of whatever tends to cast doubt upon old-established beliefs; who will not surrender their faith in the founders of science for the vagaries of a new generation bent upon seeing things which the telescope does not really show. Is it not enough that Sir Isaac Newton should have said that comets, for example, are solid, compact bodies like the planets? Why, then, accept without proof the new theory that they are made up of an aggregation of meteor-stones?

Then we have the orthodox astronomer who, caring only for pure science, recognizes that progress is not so much of flights of genius as sustained, patient endeavor. He preserves the even tenor of his way undisturbed by the over-exuberant who find traces of man's handiwork in the Moon or in Mars; nor does he heed the backward ones who contentedly lean on the past.

The telescope is a great disturber of fine fancies and old beliefs. Before its piercing eye visions of men in the Moon melt into air. In its infancy, however, it lent form and color to the hazy and indefinite, helping imagination to see and picture—the things it wished to see; for what is desirable easily becomes credible. Galileo's impression on looking at the Moon with his primitive tube was that her face was greatly overspread with freckles, and they were large ones. He compared them to the eyes in a peacock's tail! Closer scrutiny led him to think that possibly its general appearance resembled that which the Earth would present to an observer on the Moon. This was in 1610, and was the first time its rugged features had been seen with a telescope. The event roused keen curiosity; a vivid expectation of new knowledge about the Moon stimulated ingenuity and skill in the construction of optical instruments. It is noteworthy that the name of our countryman, Thomas Harriot, stands among the first to adopt and improve upon Jansen's contrivance for magnifying distant objects. He had received one of the new instruments from Holland, and at once set to work grinding lenses, and with a success that enabled him to produce three telescopes which were considered to be, in some respects, better than Galileo's. Unhappily, at this stage Harriot's

health failed him, and his work was soon forgotten. Sir Isaac Newton's six-inch reflector is well known, and still treasured in the library of the Royal Society. Acting on an original system, he constructed a telescope which reduced the apparent distance of objects thirty-nine times. Now that the method of making magnifying glasses was understood, improvements in telescopic power were rapid and numerous. Among the many who contributed to the advancement of optical science the names of John Dollond, of Spitalfields, and James Short, of Edinburgh, may be mentioned. Dolland, in 1758, invented the achromatic lens, removing thereby the chief obstacle to the development of the powers of refracting telescopes; while Short was without a rival in the construction of reflectors; he brought the concave mirror system to unexampled perfection. The most notable improvements in enlarging their range and increasing their space-penetrating power were achieved by Sir William Herschel, whose energy and inventiveness mark an epoch in the construction of telescopes. His efforts culminated in the gigantic forty-foot instrument completed in August, 1789, by means of which he discovered two Saturnian and two Uranian moons.

Johann H. Schröter had the good fortune to secure one of Herschel's telescopes, with which he made such good progress in the topographical survey of the Moon's leading features that his systematic plan of observation was generally adopted by astronomers occupied in lunar exploration work. His inquisitive eye was soon arrested by an appearance of dark lines running across a great part of the Moon's surface, of a character resembling the thread-like lines occasionally seen when observing Mars, and which are commonly called "canals." Schröter calls his lines "rills." In the course of several years' observation he came upon eleven, but the number has now reached about a thousand. They are wholly without terrestrial analogy, nothing like them in number, size and length is found on the Earth, except, perhaps, the great Cañons of North-Western America, the largest of which is 550 miles long. Obviously they are clefts in a rocky surface, differing in length and breadth; while some are a hundred yards deep others are five hundred yards deep, and about two miles across. One of the most remarkable of these is found in the part marked in modern maps of the Moon, Oceanus Procellarum, or Ocean of Storms, near the mountain called Aristarchus, famed for the brilliance of its central peak. It terminates in a ringed plain named Herodotus. These clefts strike out in straight, curved, and branching tracks, varying in length from a few miles up to 150 miles; some cleaving mountain walls, some forming a network of intersecting clefts or cracks. In all probability they owe their origin to a process of contraction of the Moon's surface going on during the cooling stage, for her radiation of heat would be at a much more rapid rate than the Earth's, whose surface is protected by a dense vaporous atmosphere. Here we are reminded that gravity on the Moon is greatly inferior to gravity on the Earth. On the Moon a six-fold displacement in height or distance would be caused by the same amount of force—that is to say, the same amount of force which would throw a stone a mile high here would on the Moon throw it six miles. Placed in the mathematician's scales, eighty-one and a half Moons would be required to balance the Earth.

In 1792, and for several consecutive years, Schröter perceived a delicately tinted light hovering about the mountain tops which suggested faint twi-

light. He concluded that the appearance indicated a thin atmosphere about twenty-nine times more tenuous than the Earth's atmosphere. This was rather startling to those who believed in the existence of lunar conditions resembling ours. How could its inhabitants breathe air so fine and live? Confidence, however, was restored when it became known that Schröter had discovered one of the Cities of the Selenites! The revelation was hailed with delight by all true believers in a lunar world like our own. Now lay before them a fair prospect of becoming, if not members, perhaps spectators of a new community of living, intelligent beings, who possibly may be waving signals to attract our attention! No one doubted that the Selenites would have agreeable residences. Indeed, Herr Gruithuisen, of the Munich Observatory, did not despair of being an eye-witness some day of festal processions in the Moon. The uplifted doctor, like Swedenborg, had visions of planetary life, and saw in the phosphorescent gleam ("Kunstleiche feur") occasionally seen in the atmosphere of Venus the reflection of a grand illumination got up by the inhabitants of the planet in celebration of some periodically recurring event! In support of his belief that the Moon had a rich store of the first elements of life he would point to the grey-tinted depressed surfaces lying between latitudes 65° North and 55° South, telling plainly (to eyes responsive to the suggestions of a lively fancy) of several kinds of vegetation which, moreover, preserved in shade and color the correspondence observed on Earth between increasing latitude and elevation. Looked at in this way it is easy to believe that the color of these walled-in plains may be due to some sort of plant-life, though it is difficult to reconcile the thought with the conditions known to be present on the Moon. Professor W. H. Pickering's lunar observations, however, lend support to the belief that vegetable life may exist on the sloping sides of the small craters, where he noticed changes in minute detail which he thought indicated the presence of vegetation, the product, perhaps of moisture oozing out of vents in their sides. There were signs plainly visible of volcanic activity. Turning to the crater named Plato, he remarks, "It is, I believe, more active than any area of similar size upon the Earth. There seems to be no evidence of lava, but the white streaks indicate, apparently, something analogous to snow or clouds. There must be a certain escape of gases, presumably steam and carbonic acid, the former of which, probably, aids in the production of the white markings." These cautious remarks may in part have been suggested by the views of earlier observers of the Moon. Sir William Herschel had, in April, 1787, expressed similar opinions respecting volcanic activity in the Moon's crust. Observing our satellite in that month, he says, "I perceived three volcanoes in different places in the dark part of the moon. Two of them are already nearly extinct, or otherwise in a state of going to break out. The third shows an eruption of fire, or luminous matter." Resuming his observation the following night, he adds, "The volcano burns with greater violence than last night; its diameter cannot be less than three seconds: hence the shining, or burning, matter must be about three miles in diameter. The appearance resembles a *small piece of burning charcoal when it is covered with a very thin coat of white ashes;* and it has a degree of brightness about as strong as that with which a coal would be seen to glow in faint daylight."

Before yielding implicit acceptance

to these interpretations, it may be well to consider the difficulties which lie in the way of minute inspection of the lunar surface. They are many and troublesome and such as are peculiarly open to illusion. Its actual conformation, for example, is revealed to the eyes indirectly through irregularities in the distribution of light and darkness. The forms of its elevations and depressions can be inferred only from the shape of the intensely black shadows cast by them; and these shapes are in constant fluctuation, partly through the change in the angle of illumination, partly through changes in our point of view, caused by what is called the Moon's libration. Besides these changing conditions, there are always present air waves or quiverings, even in the purest skies. And, unfortunately, every increase of optical power magnifies, and thereby increases, these atmospheric troubles. Feeble manifestations of interior energy had long been suspected, but they are generally regarded as having no significance other than as the lingering remains of the early convulsions which produced its present rugged surface. It is not improbable that a low stratum of carbonic acid gas or moisture, the frequent product of volcanoes, may flow down the sides of the crater-like formations, but that plant-life must necessarily ensue is at best but conjectural. We are here brought face to face with the old question: Is life in any form a necessary product of inorganic matter, be the combination of elements what they may? All the theories yet advanced to explain the origin of life on this planet, as that of a slow spontaneous generation, are mere fantastic speculations devoid of scientific foundation. Among the more curious of these is the conjecture hazarded by H. E. Richter to the effect that life came to the Earth as cosmic dust in meteors thrown off from other worlds. Towards the end of the nineteenth century Sir W. Thomson (Lord Kelvin) and H. von Helmholtz, independently, raised and discussed the possibility of such an origin of terrestrial life, laying stress on the presence of hydrocarbons in meteor stones.[3] But it does not follow that life-germs, vegetable or animal, should be present in these ejects from far-off stars or neighboring planets; certainly, the chemist has found in them nothing to warrant the assumption. When the insoluble is reached, the idealist, true to the faith within him, reverts to the old doctrine of a special creation, and is at rest. But the materialist turns into another path and resumes his prodding and plodding to the barren end.

That the Moon is an exact copy of the Earth, as the early observers had fondly believed, became more and more doubtful with every increase of optical power. The grey spaces thought to be seas, and still so named for convenience, are now seen to be dry open plains. Nor is there much on Earth to compare with the giant circles supposed to be craters of extinct volcanoes, some of them twenty miles in diameter, with lofty peaks towering high above the rings. And if we bear in mind that its month is divided into one day and one night; that there can be no change of seasons there as with us, ushering in the advent of spring when all nature is filled with gladness, nor summer, nor winter, we see how very different lunar conditions are from those of Earth, and how improbable it is that life such as we know of can ever have existed on the Moon.

The discovery which more than any other dissolved the pleasing vision of a lunar world peopled by intelligent

[3] See the article "Biology," by Dr. Chalmers Mitchel, in Vol. 16 of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," 11th edition.

beings was that it had no appreciable atmosphere. Sir John Herschel had shown the non-existence of any air on the Moon having 1/1980 part of the density of the Earth's atmosphere at sea-level. And the spectroscope in the hands of Sir William Huggins has shown that light from the Moon does not produce the dark lines due to aqueous vapor. Curiously enough, the most striking evidence of the absence of atmosphere about the Moon comes from the stars. In 1865 it was noticed that the Moon passed over the star *e* Piscium without showing any sign either at immersion or emersion of selective absorption: the light of the star went out as suddenly as if a slide had been dropped over it. If an atmosphere had surrounded the Moon the extinction of the star's light would have been gradual, and the same on leaving the star. The instantaneous extinction and sudden flashing out of the light of a star occulted by the Moon is a sight worth sitting up into the small hours of the night to witness. An occultation of Jupiter by the Moon was observed by Professor W. H. Pickering on the 12th of August, 1892. He noticed a slight flattening of the planet's disc through the effect of lunar refraction in an atmosphere possessing only 1/4000 the density of our atmosphere. And five years later Professor Comstock, of the Washburn Observatory, using a sixteen-inch Clark equatorial telescope, found that the displacement of occulted stars arising from refraction was so small as tc preclude the existence of a permanent lunar atmosphere of more than 1/500 the density of the Earth's atmosphere. The kinetic theory bears testimony to the same effect. Dr. Stoney has shown that if all the essential elements of an atmosphere—oxygen, nitrogen, and water-vapor—originally existed on the Moon, they would slowly escape into space, because the maximum velocities of their molecules are greater than a mile and a half per second, *i.e.*, than the Moon's gravity could retain. All the occultations of stars by the Moon observed up to the year 1909 have been practically instantaneous.

The best time for getting a good view of its surface is during the first quarter, particularly along the line called the terminator—that which separates the illuminated part of the disc from the dark part. Good eyesight trained to minute observation, even without a telescope, perceives varieties of light and shade: here dusky patches, there points of superior brightness, especially on the eastern and southern quarters. These differences are due to inequalities on its surface. The appearance suggests mountains rising high above the plains which catch the first slanting rays the Sun is shedding upon the Moon. With the aid of the gigantic telescopes now employed, particularly in the United States and at Peru, which in some cases magnify six-thousandfold, these features come prominently into view, and present a scene of wondrous complexity—of weird strangeness, delicate beauty, and imposing grandeur, such as the eye of man never before rested upon. Closer scrutiny brings out the half-suspected truth, and reveals mountain peaks illuminated by the Sun while yet it is dark in the valleys below. The black shadows thrown by these gleaming pinnacles towering upwards like the spires of some majestic cathedral are almost startling. At first they are very long, then as the Sun ascends above the horizon the lower parts are gradually swathed in light. There are some cavities in crater-like formations so deep that no ray of sunlight can ever penetrate their depths. When they are so situated that the Sun's light is just beginning to shine into them, a luminous

crescent comes into view on the side farthest from the Sun, while a deep black shadow is cast on the opposite side.[1] These shadows clearly indicate that the tops of the "craters" are elevated far above the general level of the ground from which they rise. By glimpsing these shadows we get their altitude. Some of the mountains lie along massive chains suggestive of the Alps, Apennines, or Andes. Others, shaped like a sugar-loaf, rise abruptly from plains nearly level, and present an appearance somewhat like Mount Etna or the Peak of Teneriffe. Their shadows extend in the form of a pyramid half across the plain to the opposite ridges. The highest are in some places more than four miles in perpendicular altitude. A striking feature is the circular-shaped caverns which are to be seen on almost every region of the Moon's surface, but are most numerous in the south-west quarter, where nearly a hundred may be distinguished.

The generally accepted theory that the rugged features which the Moon presents are the product of lunar volcanoes, or of forces acting from within, can hardly be regarded as tenable after a critical examination made with the wonderful optical powers of to-day. Everywhere are seen evidences of the operation of a force acting from without. For example, the isolated ring-mountains, called in all maps of the Moon "craters," present features which do not correspond to craters on Earth. Some are situated in level plains of an oval shape enclosed by a wall of mountains; the dark grey basin called Plato is an instance of this peculiarity; it stands near an immense mountain uplift, named the Lunar Alps. There are mountain-walled circular chasms chartered "craters," which have in the middle of their depressed floors a peak, while their inner and outer walls are seamed with ridges. The cavities sink in some cases as low as four miles below the loftiest points upon their walls. It may be urged, further, that these scars on the Moon's face differ from terrestrial craters in the important particular that while craters on the Earth are hollow on a mountain-top, with a flat bottom high above the level of the surrounding country, those upon the Moon have their lowest points of depression far below the surface of the ground, the external height being only one-half, or a third of the interior depth. Our planet offers a noteworthy example of a supposed volcanic crater formation which on close scrutiny has proved to be nothing of the kind. In central Arizona (U.S.A.) there is a crater-like mountain called Coon Butte, which rises to a height of 150 feet above the level of the ground. On the top is a wide circular opening three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and 540 feet deep, the bottom of which is about 400 feet below the level of the ground outside. This yawning chasm, the most dreary and desolate that can well be conceived, had always been regarded as the undoubted remains of a once-active volcano. Two men of science undertook a thorough examination of the place; Mr. Barringer (geologist) says, "The evidence of facts do not leave a scintilla of doubt on my mind that this mountain and its 'crater' were produced by the impact of a large meteorite, or small asteroid." Mr. Tilghmann (physicist) feels "justified, under due reserve as to subsequently developed facts, in announcing that the formation of the locality is due to the impact of a meteor of enormous and unprecedented size."

Turning next to Sir George Darwin's inquiry into the origin of the

[1] For a fuller description of lunar scenery, see "Other Worlds," by G. P. Serviss (Hirschfeld Bros.).

Moon, we learn that in the far-off past —an approximate calculation indicates fifty-four millions of years ago—the Earth was revolving on its axis in a period somewhere between two and four hours; that the most rapid rate of rotation of a fluid mass of the Earth's average density consistent with equilibrium is two hours twenty minutes. Quicken the movement further and the globe must fly asunder. Hence the inference that, like a grindstone driven at too rapid a rate, a portion broke away. Then gravitational influences arising out of solar tidal friction held the lesser part aloof as a tributary to the parent orb. Tracing by analytical methods the past career of the two bodies, Sir George Darwin arrives at a period when the two bodies were in very close contiguity, one rotating, the other revolving in approximately the same time, and that time certainly not far different from, and quite possibly identical with, the critical moment of severance. Summarizing his investigation, he asks, "Is this a mere coincidence, or does it not rather point to a break-up of the primeval planet into two masses in consequence of a too rapid rotation?" The theory rests upon the sure ground of mathematical demonstration, and is now generally accepted. Though Dr See contests it, holding the opinion that the Moon reached the Earth from the outside and was captured.

In view of these conditions, namely, the marked difference of the lunar surface formations from volcanic craters on Earth, the Earth's rotating at a rate so swift as to cause the portion forming our satellite to detach itself, it is a reasonable conjecture that we have the origin of the Moon's rugged surface in the lesser portions of Earth-matter which, from the same cause, would be thrown off in the same direction and pierce the side of the Moon turned earthwards. During the Moon's plastic period meteors, too, from outer space may have added greatly to the marring of Lady Cynthia's features.

Thus, with the aid of the mathematician's inward eye, we are able to witness the birth of our Moon, destined in the fulness of time to illuminate our evening skies; to keep the waters of the great deep fresh and sweet by raising tidal waves laving the seashores, and so contributing largely towards making this Earthly dwelling-place of ours the best of all possible worlds.

Ed. Vincent Heward.

The Fortnightly Review.

COLOR-BLIND.

By Alice Perrin.

CHAPTER IV.

When the heat declined in the plains below, and the unhealthy after-steam of the rainy season no longer likened the atmosphere to that of a forcing-house—when in the Himalayas coming winter shortened daylight, and bit the air with chill sharpness, Pahar Tal became deserted by the majority of European sojourners. Only a very small proportion remained in the hills, on duty, after the summer was over.

Now the roads were thronged with moving crowds of coolies bearing packing-cases, luggage, pianos, every conceivable form of burden, bound for the railway station at the foot of the mountains. The air resounded with their vociferations as they "loaded up" in the various compounds. They would argue, expostulate, quarrel, and bargain, in loud shrill tones; while distracted servants cuffed and pushed and bribed and remonstrated till pan-

demonium seemed everywhere. Most of the coolies were Mongolian in type, some were true Thibetans, with flat faces and slits of eyes, dangling black locks, and ruddy cheeks, their clothing loose, filthy wraps, and little round caps peaked like a jelly bag. With harrowing groans and cries, the lightest as well as the heaviest burdens were lifted, there were piteous complaints, much ostentatious staggering, yet eventually the most incredible loads would be carried off as though no more than mere paper parcels, the muscles of stout, sturdy limbs standing out like twists of iron.

In the Fleetwoods' compound Gunga held supreme and fierce command. For the past two days noise and tumult had continued here, just as it had continued in other compounds according to the amount of luggage to be conveyed down the hill, but at last there remained only the coolies required for the conveyance of personal belongings. Mr. Fleetwood had left a fortnight ago for his headquarters in the plains. He never travelled with his family if he could avoid doing so, and his wife on such occasions was more glad of his absence than otherwise. She said he only lost his temper and upset everybody, and exacted more attention than the whole of them put together. Mrs. Fleetwood accepted the fact that coolies were notoriously exasperating, and she expected nothing else; whereas her husband would either dismiss them altogether, which entailed the trouble of replacing them, or else he would alarm them into flight from which no blandishments would recall them, probably rendering it impossible to collect others in their stead, for there is a subtle and mysterious method of boycott all over India that can cause infinite inconvenience and annoyance once it is set in motion.

Therefore Mrs. Fleetwood sat patient and imperturbable in her "dandy," a canoe-shaped conveyance with wooden frame, cross-poles, and comfortable seat, ready to be borne down the hill when the last coolie-load should have started—Gunga knew better than to allow stragglers behind the party. Over her head she held a green-lined tussore umbrella, and a book lay in her lap. It was pleasant in the sunshine of the autumn morning though an icy sparkle pervaded its golden light. The very air was a-glitter, the sky glacier blue; there seemed a sense of brilliant, heartless farewell in the atmosphere, a sort of dismissal to those who had come to India not to encounter cold and frost and snow such as presently would here be reigning, but to meet conditions of life in the vast, teeming plains, to have contact with that multitude below, the people of India, who are India itself —who are as an army to an individual compared with the dwellers in hill regions.

Marion and Isabel also sat in their canoe-shaped conveyances, counterparts of Mrs. Fleetwood's. White veils over their large hats shielded their pretty skins and bright hair from sun and dust; but their umbrellas moved restlessly, they fidgeted in their seats, impatient to make a start.

"What on earth are we waiting for?" Marion twisted herself round and looked behind her at the *débris* of straw and paper that littered the ground, at the two ayahs sitting awkwardly in their dandies, at Fay's brown pony waiting ready saddled, at old Gunga, who had just started off the last coolie with a tiffin-basket ballanced on his head. The coolie waltzed round and round on his way down the path to shout final objections and protestations at the severe old bearer.

"Gunga, what is the delay?" de-

manded Marion. "Where is the Miss-babba?"

"Hai-ai!" said Gunga, and hastened towards the back of the house. "In seeing to the tiffin-basket and that fool of a coolie, did I forget the Miss-babba and her cats—tch! tch!" He disappeared behind the bungalow.

"There now!" grumbled Marion, "those beastly kittens of Fay's are keeping us all sitting here in the sun, and probably we shall have to hurry to catch the train. What a nuisance children are with their pets!"

"You're just as bad about that mangy puppy Captain Dacre gave you!" Isabel said peevishly.

"Oh! that's different; and anyway I sent him on ahead with the other dogs. He *hasn't* got mange—it's only that he's so well-bred his skin is irritable."

"The effect is the same—he looks moth-eaten," persisted Isabel.

But the argument between the sisters was stilled by the sound of Fay's clear young voice calling "Louisa! Louisa! Louisa!" and piteous mews came from the high branches of a cypress tree where clung a white Persian kitten, having rushed frantically aloft in a spasm of fear caused by the general noise and confusion. Gunga's hoarse old voice chimed in also. "Billi, Billi—ao, ao," (cat, cat, come, come).

"It's hopeless," said Marion. "Louisa will have to be left behind. I wish the Rajah had never given her the creature. And *Louisa*, too—such a name for a cat!"

"Oh! we couldn't leave Louisa behind," objected the gentle Isabel. "Fay would cry her eyes out, and besides it would be so cruel. Look at mother. I believe she'd sit there till Doomsday and hear nothing. Mother!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Louisa has rushed up a tree. What are we to do?—we shall never get her down!"

"How tiresome!" said Mrs. Fleetwood placidly. "Perhaps if some one fetched a saucer of milk——"

But just then Fay and Gunga came round the corner of the house in breathless triumph, the white kitten perched on her mistress's shoulder; and soon "Louisa" was safe with Akbar in a basket which was consigned to one of the ayahs' dandies.

"You ought to have seen that both cats were caught and shut up last night," said Marion severely.

Fay was flushed and agitated. She had begun actually to fear she might be forced to leave Louisa clinging to the tree, far out of human reach, mewing and terrified, to die of starvation. Also her heart was sick and sore with leaving Pahar Tal for the last time. The reproaches of Marion afflicted her as a dire climax. Poor Fay shed tears involuntarily.

"No, no, Miss-babba, do not weep," soothed old Gunga. "Do not be troubled. All is well. Get on the pony, and we will start at once."

He obtained some last instructions from Mrs. Fleetwood, gave the word for the men to lift the dandies, and himself fell back to the rear of the procession to mount a small, cow-hocked pony hired to carry him down the hill. Gunga's horsemanship always amused Fay. His skinny brown legs stuck out on either side of the clumsy native saddle, and his loose shoes looked as if they must drop off. He kept his balance precariously, and waved a stick aloft in a threatening manner. As he mounted, the saddle almost turned round. Gunga saved himself by a miracle, and Fay, seated lightly on her pony, laughed now, instead of shedding tears.

Then they all filed down the hill-road—Mrs. Fleetwood leading the way, Marion and Isabel following; Fay behind them on her brown pony; the ayahs being jolted purposely by their coolie-bearers, for in India, as all

the world over, the lower classes dislike doing service for their own kind. Finally came Gunga, wobbling on his mount, looking anxiously ahead to make certain that the coolies in charge of the personal luggage were not lagging, or concealing themselves round corners.

Fay's heart grew more sad as they left the station behind them. She gazed back at the rippling lake, and the white houses clinging to the mountain sides, and the rough hill-peaks rising into the bright blue heavens. Would she ever see it all again? The fairies would still dance on the hill-tops, spirits and ghosts would sweep through the valleys, the sun would rise wondrously over the snows—and soon she would be so far away from it, cut off from India altogether. She nearly cried again, but Marion kept calling questions to her—Where had she packed this—what had she done with the other, was she sure she had left nothing behind? So that Fay was forced to control her tears, and find comfort in the reflection that six months still remained to her before the final severance from the beloved land.

The progress down hill was consoling also. The softer, warmer air as they descended, the tangle of creepers, the yellow and bronze of the mosses and ferns growing on the tree trunks and branches, the changing colors of the foliage—it all filled her with pleasure. There was the melody of water falling, the sun slanting across the roadway, and the ceaseless song of the cicala that caused a silence almost startling when for a few moments it ceased. They had a picnic luncheon spread on moss-covered boulders, and Marion did not scold and Isabel made no complaints; and Fay was hungry, so that she found the meal pleasant, too, and it helped to hearten her. . . .

In less than a week they were all settled in their big plains bungalow, settled as completely as if they had never been away. It was a fine old building that had seen many Commissioners come and go since days long previous to the Mutiny—raised on a high plinth, with a flat roof, and deep verandas supported by massive pillars; an imposing portico; and a small village of stables and servants' quarters. There was a swimming bath in the vast compound, an orange-grove, and the ruins of an elephant stable. Down at the far end, in the shade of some splendid shisham trees, rested a group of white masonry tombs of different sizes, decayed, neglected, inscriptionless, their histories long ago forgotten—a sad little corner, relic perhaps of some bygone tragedy of sudden death in the old helpless times when India claimed her English victims wholesale, without mercy, unhindered by the alleviations of modern progress.

The house within was comfortable and well furnished—rich jail-made carpets were permitted by Marion and Isabel, but rather counteracted by English beds, tables and chairs, and fenders with fire-irons to the grates, unnecessary as well as unusual since the fuel was always wood. Mrs. Fleetwood's favorite resting-place was the drawing-room veranda. She sat there a great deal, read, wrote letters, knitted, saw what was going on in the garden, and tended her plants that stood in a bright row along the edge of the plinth, scenting the air deliciously.

She was reading the advertisement columns of the *Pioneer* this morning, as was her usual habit, not that she wished to buy anything, but she always declared the perusal gave her so much information concerning the movements of her friends that she invariably looked at the advertisement

columns after the English telegrams. They told her who were going home, by the list of household effects, tents, horses, saddlery, &c., for sale; who had just come back from furlough by the list of wants; who were retiring or only, maybe, extra hard up by the advertising of such possessions as would be retained, ordinarily, whether the owner were taking leave or not. It was absorbing, also, to note the value people put on their property, especially if one knew the articles! and anonymous advertisers could generally be guessed at or suspected.

This was Mrs. Fleetwood's hour of peace and relaxation after her housekeeping duties were over and necessary letters written. She had visited the kitchen—it is a fallacy to suppose that the Anglo-Indian lady never enters her kitchen, though doubtless there are many exceptions who would neglect such duties in any country or climate and are too fatally anxious to boast, when they return to their natural surroundings, that in India they lived the lives of princesses, so conveying an erroneous impression of the English woman's tendencies in the East. Whereas the conscientious "memsahib" has no easy task in exacting cleanliness, regularity, and order throughout her household arrangements. . .

Mrs. Fleetwood had also inspected the fowl-house, the stables, the dogs, the cows, and the garden, displaying experience and interest in each department, so receiving excellent and willing service from people who, left to their own responsibility, would allow everything to deteriorate. Fay accompanied her mother on these daily rounds. She enjoyed the bright mornings with all the long door-windows open, the wide lawns sparkling with dew, the animated atmosphere in the compound, the gathering of flowers for the house—masses of roses, brilliant creepers, sweet-scented English blossoms, and tall grasses of delicate shape and shade.

There was to be a dinner-party tonight, and the flower vases were all placed ready, filled with fresh water, for the young ladies to arrange. Fay and her sisters were busy with them now, at what they called the "scrag end" of the veranda, while Mrs. Fleetwood read the *Pioneer* advertisements undisturbed, at the other—the "best end."

But it was nearly twelve o'clock, and people would be calling presently, according to the senseless Anglo-Indian custom, the origin of which remains a mystery, ordaining that visits should be paid during the hottest period of the twenty-four hours—between twelve and two o'clock. The Fleetwood ladies were accustomed to a species of levée at this time of the day.

Mr. Fleetwood usually came back from his office for luncheon. This morning he brought a man's visiting card with him into the veranda where his wife and daughters were recovering from two hours of polite but exhausting conversation with an uninterrupted stream of callers. He threw the card into his wife's lap, then stretched himself, yawning wearily, for work was exceptionally heavy just now. He was a distinguished-looking man, with plentiful grey hair and a sun-dried skin; he stooped a little from long hours at office tables, and in the saddle, but he was well-preserved, and his blue eyes, like his wife's, were keen and bright.

Mrs. Fleetwood picked up the card. "'Sir Rowland Curtice,'" she read aloud. "He lives at Batch Hall in Norfolk, and belongs to Arthur's Club. Who is he, John?—and why have you brought us his card?"

"A globe-trotter?" said Marion, and

looked at the card, over her mother's shoulder, with interest.

"Yes. He called at my office this morning with official introductions, and I've asked him to dine to-night. We've other people coming, didn't you say?"

"It will make us thirteen!" said Mrs. Fleetwood.

"Never mind, send a note over to the Tomsons," was Marion's prompt suggestion, "and ask them to come and to bring one of the girls. What is he like, Dad?"

"Oh! just like anybody else. One nose, two eyes, and, I think, a beard."

"A *beard!*"

"Well, I'm not sure. I didn't look at him much. I was so busy. Anyway we must be civil to him."

"Of course," said Mrs. Fleetwood amiably; and after luncheon she sent for the butler and the cook and made the necessary additions to the dinner and the table.

That evening, as they waited in the drawing room for the guests to arrive, Mrs. Fleetwood remarked that she hoped Sir Rowland would not feel uncomfortable facing a lot of people he had never seen before and knew nothing about.

"Why on earth should he!" scoffed Marion. "He will probably consider himself far superior to any of us, or indeed to anybody he could meet in India, and will expect *us* to feel awkward in *his* presence!"

"Don't be silly, dear," was her mother's mild rebuke. "If he is like that most people in India would certainly be far too good for *him!*"

So Mrs. Fleetwood received her stranger-guest with cordial consideration ("As if," whispered Isabel, "he was a shy child at a party!") with the kind geniality of manner that gained for her so much popularity and so many friends.

To the girls' disgust there was no mistake about the beard, but it was quite short and trim and inoffensive, and of a nice golden-brown. Then he wore pince-nez, too, which was a pity. Otherwise, they decided, he was not bad looking, though he gave an impression of exaggerated sleekness. His skin had the smooth shine of wax, his hair, lying flat on his head, reflected the light, his collar and shirt had obviously been "dressed" in London, his eyeglasses glittered, there was neither speck nor flaw upon his person. He arrived into the midst of a typical Anglo-Indian gathering with interested curiosity, and began to say so to his hostess.

"I have to thank you, dear lady, for giving me my first opportunity of seeing the real Anglo-Indian at home! So far, my experience has been confined to Bombay, where I am sure one might as well be in England—the yacht club, taxi-cabs, millionaire merchants on Malabar Hill for one's hosts—natives in European dress! I hardly felt I was in the East at all."

Mr. Fleetwood came forward. "I hope we shall not strike you as being *too* much of a contrast," he said, with mock humility. "I am afraid our ways are very rough up country."

Sir Rowland looked round the spacious, comfortably-furnished room. He saw a grand piano and a beautiful carpet, deep chairs covered with chintz, tall palms and flowers and plenty of ornaments, new books and the latest weekly papers.

"Apparently not!" he said with indulgent good-humor. "I should say you are almost as bad as Bombay! Ha! ha!—though certainly I drove here from the hotel in an extraordinary vehicle resembling a box, drawn by the most wretched ponies, and driven by a dilapidated creature who shouted the whole way at the top of his voice whether there was anything blocking the road or not!"

They all laughed politely, and Sir Rowland irradiated benevolence. He seemed a little crestfallen, though, when he discovered he was not to take his hostess in to dinner, but only her eldest daughter. Marion observed his covert disapproval and proceeded to explain, as they sat down to the table, that in India people went in to dinner according to their official rank only, and that as the General and his wife were present only the General could take in the hostess, as being the most senior official guest. This mollified Sir Rowland somewhat, and he found further comfort in abusing the hotel at which he was staying.

"The beds," he said, "are most peculiar—without springs or wire mattresses, there is prickly matting on the floors, and the bathing arrangements are, to say the least of it, primitive! The food, too, is anything but appetizing!" He picked up the menu and scanned it greedily. The soup, at any rate, had promised well for the remainder of the feast.

"And may I ask why you have come out to India?" Marion inquired with civil interest.

"Oh! I am very fond of travelling," he replied airily, "and I had been reading a great deal about India—so I thought I should like to see the place, also to ascertain for myself the truth of the assertion that the country is crushed, the natives ill-used, and the officials corrupt and cruel, living in the lap of luxury. Certainly in Bombay luxury appeared to be paramount, but then I only saw Government House and the houses of the rich merchants, box wallahs, as I find they are called, who have nothing to do with the government of the country. *They* seemed to consider that soldiers and civilians have a very poor time of it compared with themselves! Now, here, I am in a place full of soldiers and civilians, so perhaps I shall be able to judge impartially."

"I hope so," said Marion, feeling angry with him; yet still respecting his close association with English life.

He settled his pince-nez more firmly on his faultless nose, and looked round the table. All these good people seemed to be enjoying themselves very whole-heartedly. There was nothing striking about any of them, none of the women wore jewels of any value, except perhaps the General's wife who had a diamond pendant; yet they were obviously ladies and gentlemen, and the sociability and good-fellowship, the lack of stiffness without vulgar familiarity were certainly conducive to a pleasant atmosphere. Sir Rowland felt inclined to like Anglo-Indian society, especially as he was consuming good food such as he had not tasted since he left Bombay, and had a pretty companion beside him. He considered Marion's profile and decided that she was "quite a good-looking girl." She hardly answered to his preconceived notions of an Anglo-Indian young woman. She did not appear to be spoilt, conceited, or lazy, nor, as far as he could tell, fast in a dangerous, designing manner.

She turned to him and met his eyes shining like polished marbles through his glasses.

"Are you fond of riding?" she inquired.

For a moment he did not answer. He was repeating to himself, "Yes—she is slender and well-mannered, with an air of youth and vitality about her, and not a hint of fastness." Then he said aloud:

"Oh! I like it well enough. I ride most mornings in London for the sake of my liver."

"Then you live in London?" Marion's heart warmed towards him. "How delightful!"

"Well, I suppose it's the best place, if you've no particular object in living

anywhere else. I've let my place in the country."

"My sister and I had part of a season in London before we came out to India—we were staying with an aunt, Lady Landon. We loved it!"

"Lady Landon? I've met her, I think. Doesn't she live in Wilton-crescent?"

"Yes," Marion responded eagerly. "Isn't she nice? She was so kind to Isabel and me, and we are so looking forward to seeing her again when we go home next year. She is not a good correspondent, so we don't often hear from her, but she was all right last time she wrote. She wrote from Monte Carlo last spring. Do you ever go there?"

"To Monte Carlo? Yes, when I'm bored with London, or have got a cold I can't shake off."

He cut into the breast of a delicious quail, a ball of fat, tender, and juicy, and sweet.

"The food at the hotel is most unappetizing," he complained again, fretfully.

"So it would be anywhere in India if one didn't take a lot of trouble. You've no idea how Mother housekeeps, or what a bother it is to run the most ordinary establishment out here."

"But," protested Sir Rowland, after a draught of champagne, "I thought ladies in India had such an easy time, with nothing whatever to do but amuse themselves."

"Yes, I know that is the popular impression," said Marion, with impatience, "but the women who are like that have awfully uncomfortable homes, bad food, and dirty servants, and the constant risk of illness. Of course *girls* have a good time if they are in a big station, but once they marry their troubles begin. I always made up my mind I would never marry in India—and you see I'm going home an old maid, for my father retires next year."

"It must be entirely your own fault," said Sir Rowland clumsily, and trusted she would not imagine he was proposing to her.

In spite of this risk he sought her after dinner when the men went into the drawing-room. She was standing near his hostess.

"Mother," she said, giving him a mischievous glance, "Sir Rowland thinks you lead a very idle life, and have nothing to do but amuse yourself!"

"Really," said Mrs. Fleetwood innocently; "I wish you were right, Sir Rowland; but looking after about thirty servants is not very amusing, though I am sure I shall miss them all dreadfully when I get home and have to get along with perhaps only half a dozen."

"But—forgive me, dear lady, if I seem rude—is it really necessary to keep so many servants?"

"Good gracious, yes—because they won't do each other's work," explained Mrs. Fleetwood. "It's on account of their caste and customs. For example, each horse has to have two men, because the groom won't cut grass or look after more than one horse, and the grass-cutter is not efficient as a groom. So, however dear grain may be, or however high the price of horses, you still have to keep two men to each horse, and their wages go up with everything else. It is not for our own convenience at all that we keep so many servants, I assure you, but for the convenience of the natives themselves!"

"Well, I suppose as far as the stables are concerned the only remedy would be to have fewer horses," suggested Sir Rowland with a nasty little laugh.

"Oh! I don't see quite how we could," was Mrs. Fleetwood's artless

reply. "We are a large party, and they all ride in camp except myself, and I *must* have a carriage to get about in wherever I may be. You see, walking is impossible to any great extent out here,—the distances, and the sun, and the dust, and all that. But I declare I walk quite a lot in camp, in the evenings, with the dogs, you know."

When Sir Rowland said good-night to Mrs. Fleetwood he took the opportunity of confiding to her how uncomfortable he found the hotel. "The food," he said, "is most unappetizing, and as for the beds——"

This was sufficient. "Oh! but of course you must come and stay with us, Sir Rowland!" she cried. "Come over early to-morrow morning and bring all your things. A room will be quite ready for you; and we are not going into camp just yet. We shall be delighted to have you!"

And Sir Rowland accepted without a moment's hesitation. It was no more than he expected. Indeed he would have felt much put out had he not received the invitation in face of all he had heard with respect to Anglo-Indian hospitality.

The Times. *(To be continued.)*

ANONYMITY AND PSEUDONYMITY.

Is it a breach of faith for an author who has published a book anonymously or under a pseudonym, flatly and explicitly to deny that it is his work? If the book be in a literary sense a child born out of wedlock, the parentage of which the author is ashamed to acknowledge, or if he have used the cloak of anonymity or pseudonymity to strike a cowardly blow, or to say under the safety of that cloak what he has not the courage to say over his own name, no excuse can be accepted for pseudonymity or anonymity. Caution may be justified, but cowardice never. With these exceptions, all will agree that an author has every right to publish his book anonymously or pseudonymously; and all will agree, too, that in refusing to answer questions and in bidding the inquirer to mind his own business, an author is equally within his rights. If the matter ended there all would be well for him and his secret; but unfortunately a refusal to speak is sometimes interpreted as tantamount to an admission of authorship, for if the author have no connection with the book he would surely feel free (so it has been argued) openly to say so. Directly challenged with the authorship of a book, more than one writer of eminence, finding themselves cornered, have not hesitated—apparently with no qualm of conscience or scruple in regard to honor—to fall back upon a denial.

That there is precedent, even great precedent, for such denial I am aware; but precedent in itself cannot establish a principle. It means no more than that the thing has been done before; and since there is apparently no law, written or unwritten, upon the subject, and since, moreover, it raises a curious question in literary ethics, some consideration of the pros and cons may not be untimely.

First let us look at the matter from the author's standpoint. "No one has a right," he might justly argue, "to force my hand and to wring from me a secret which I wish to preserve. I am not called upon by any law of God or man, of honor or of ethics, to

publish my business to the world; but since only by a falsehood can my just rights be secured, the falsehood lies not upon my conscience, but upon the conscience of the person who compelled it."

Having thus, as he would contend, made good his case against those who hold that falsehood is in any circumstances dishonorable, he might conceivably go farther and contend that legally as well as morally a falsehood was justified. "The law," he might say, "does not permit an act of personal violence against another. But if a man attack me for the purpose either of injuring me or of robbing me of my property, and I use violence in return, I am held by the law to be justified in so doing, inasmuch as the violence is used in self-defence. The secret of the authorship of this book is my secret and my property, and my own property I am surely entitled to defend. Assume that a burglar, holding a pistol to my head, demand to know whether I have cash or valuables in the house, and, if so, where they are to be found. In such circumstances, under such compulsion, the most scrupulously honorable of men would hardly hesitate to lie if by a lie he could balk the burglar of his nefarious purpose; and I am abundantly justified in lying to the literary burglar who demands to be acquainted with the secret of my literary safe."

There are several reasons why one might wish to issue a book anonymously or pseudonymously. If the writer be a beginner, and so have absolutely no literary reputation, the publication of his unknown name advertises that fact alike to the critics, the bookseller, and the public. That the book is published anonymously is, of course, no guarantee of merit; but there is at least the possibility that it may be the work of some one of standing who for social or personal reasons, or perhaps because he is attempting a new departure, is anxious to remain incognito. If the book make anything of a mark, curiosity, speculation, and discussion in regard to the authorship are inevitable; and curiosity, discussion, and speculation spell sales. As the motto of many who write is, "What shall it profit an author if he gain the whole world and lose his own sales?" or "What shall an author give in return for his sales?" the advantages of anonymity are evident.

To illustrate this I may perhaps be pardoned for relating my own experiences in the matter of an anonymously published volume, not because what happened or did not happen to any little book of my own can be of the remotest interest to any one except myself, but because—since fish head up-stream—a stickleback may serve to indicate the swing of the current no less than a ten-pound trout, and because we are on surer ground when at grips with actual facts and when speaking from a personal experience than when merely generalizing. My own first book (I refrain from advertising it by name) was published anonymously. It was, I hope, no worse, and I am sure no better, than the mapority of initial efforts; and had it borne my then entirely unknown name it would in all probability have met the common fate of such work. But one reviewer ascribed it to the late Harold Frederic, the last man in the world to have been guilty of such a book. Soon after this I was introduced to Frederic by a friend who was in the secret of the authorship, and I remember that my introducer—it is always one's friends who do such things—maliciously turned the conversation upon my book, and asked Frederic whether he had read it and knew that the book had been attributed to him. Frederic, it seemed, had read

the book, and did not hesitate to express in the plainest and most unmistakable Saxon an opinion which was by no means flattering. I remember how he hooted with wild derision at the bare idea that he had written it, and how he swore great oaths as remarkable for size as for the scale of their profanity. Then, jerking a thumb towards me, my introducer said quietly, "This is the author." "The devil it is!" roared Frederic.

I hastened to assure him that there at least he was mistaken, though he was probably quite right in the estimate he had formed of my book; and, seeing that I took all he had said in good part and enjoyed the joke, he swore that I was at least something of a sportsman, if nothing of an author, and we became and remained good friends to his life's end.

The book had also the extraordinary luck to be attributed to no less brilliant and distinguished a writer than Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q.," as he was then known); but in that case the confusion was due to some similarity between the title of my book and one of "Q.'s" early works.

Another sufferer was the late Robert Buchanan, by whom more than one reviewer declared my book to be. How he took the blow, if he ever heard the association of his name with my anonymous work, I do not know, for though I met him occasionally, I wisely refrained from rousing his titanic wrath by any allusion to the subject; and when he died I made what tardy reparation I could by proposing that a monument be erected by public subscription to his memory and placed over his grave in the cemetery of Southend Parish Church, and by carrying the project through to a successful termination in collaboration with my friend and co-honorary secretary, the Rev. Thomas Varney, then curate of Southend.

The book still sells, and was recently included—hear it, ye gods!—in "The World's Great Books;" but I say in no spirit of mock modesty that I believe the success it attained was due less to any merit of its own than to the curiosity which was aroused by its anonymity, and to its extraordinary good-luck in being attributed to Frederic, Buchanan, and "Q."

My own reason for anonymity I have stated. But there are other reasons why an author may not wish to put his name to his book. He may, for instance, feel that what he has to say on any given question will be more impartially considered, and will be more likely to effect its purpose, if issued anonymously, and so impersonally, than if under a name the bearer of which, by reason of his position, occupation, or spoken and written words, may be supposed to incline to any particular school of thought, political party, or religious belief.

When I was chief editor to a great publishing firm, a very famous divine once brought me the manuscript of a highly imaginative and religious book of his writing, and asked my advice about it. "Publish it anonymously," I said. "You are known to be a 'reverend,' and if it is issued under your name there will not be wanting readers who will say, 'Oh, he's a parson, and of course he'll preach. It's his business, and he's paid for it.' Issued as by a layman, and good literature, as it undoubtedly is, no less than sound religion, it is more likely to attract what I may call 'all-round attention' than if published under your own name. You may lose the particular section of the reading public which is on the lookout for books by divines and preachers, and you will lose your immediate followers and readers among your own congregation; but the book is strong enough to stand by itself merely as literature, and I

think you would do well to take your chance." He did so, and I proved to be right, for the book ran into many editions as an anonymous work, and when it was finally issued with the reverend author's name on the title-page, it had a new lease of life among the members of his large congregation and the many admirers of his sermons and religious books.

Another reason for publishing a book anonymously or pseudonymously is that if the author be attempting a new departure in subject or in method, he may hope to obtain a more unbiassed verdict. Grant Allen once told me that he could predict with absolute certainty what certain critics would say when reviewing a book that bore his name. It was not that he objected to what they said, but that they always said the same thing. They knew, or thought they knew, his merits, his methods, and his limitations, and looking for these merits, methods, and limitations, they always found them. It was only, he said, when he wrote under another name that they discovered new possibilities in his work.

Or take the humorist. If a writer be one of the fortunate few whose books sell by virtue of their humor, his wife and children may "walk in silk attire and siller ha'e to spare," and himself may be in a position to indulge his sense of humor by killing time and possibly an occasional fellow-creature by means of a motor-car. I am not sure that were he so to slay a fellow-creature his public would not laugh heartily at the homicide, and regard it as a new and original way of being "killingly funny." But let that humorist seek under his own name to make a new reputation as a serious writer, and his public will refuse to take him seriously. "I verily believe," complained a well-known humorist to me, "that if I came into a room and remarked that my nearest relative was dead, or upon a platform and said that I was about to undergo a serious operation, my audience would explode with laughter, and vow to a man that I should be the death of them."

Lastly, we come to the authors who think that they best serve "Art" by issuing certain of their books anonymously.

Take, for instance, the case of the late William Sharp. I have heard the sincerity of his devotion to Art called in question. "It was not for Art's sake, but for William Sharp's sake," said a certain critic to me once, "that he started a second firm to do business under another name. He had been writing as William Sharp for a long time, and the novelty and the interest that attach to a new name with new possibilities and a new note were gone. Once the reviewers imagine—no matter how mistakenly—that they have taken the measure of a man, he does not easily win recognition anew. Sharp felt that as William Sharp he had gone as far as he could go, and that under that name there was small hope of advancing his reputation and of turning to account gifts that were greater than either the public or his reviewers were aware. It was for that reason he started a new and branch business under another name. It is easier successfully to start an entirely new journal than to pull up the circulation of, and to put new life into, an existing journal the progress of which is rather slow. The public is interested in novelties, and Fiona Macleod, the mysterious Lady of the Highlands—who, unlike 'little children' who are told that they 'should be seen and not heard,' was 'heard and not seen'—offered unprecedented opportunities for advertising anew the excellent but insufficiently advertised and inadequately appreciated wares

of the old firm of William Sharp. As a business move it was perfectly legitimate, and as a business move it no doubt succeeded; but when you speak of the sacrifices he made for his Art and of his devotion to it, you speak absolute and unadulterated nonsense."

My reply to that critic was that, shrewd as was his summing up, the verdict he had brought in was entirely unjust. Never was there a worker who was more wholly an artist than Sharp, or one who was more willing to sacrifice not only health and wealth but life itself to his Art. Money never weighed with him for an instant. On the contrary, he was willing and proud to remain a poor man to his life's end rather than put the least of his great abilities to an unworthy use. A man by no means without vanity, a man who loved sympathy and appreciation, he was to the last willing and anxious for Art's sake to forego the lionizing, the honor, and the applause to which as "Fiona Macleod" he was entitled, rather than to shatter the lovely illusion, the exquisite and romantic wraith, which his poet-soul had made so real to himself and to his readers.

Whether, in the merging of his own identity with this fairer and other self by which he was obsessed, he was justified—even in the interest of the Art that he loved—in flatly and explicitly denying that he was Fiona Macleod is quite another matter.

Mrs. Sharp tells us that her husband was indignant at what to him was an unwarrantable interference with the privacy of the individual. That, I may be permitted to remark, is all very well so long as a man remains in privacy, or so long as he issues a book for private circulation only. But if he has of his own choice (for no one can compel him to do so) elected to come out of the privacy and to publish and advertise a book, thus inviting, in effect, the public to interest itself in that book by purchasing it, he can hardly, without affectation, complain if those thus interested manifest some curiosity in regard to the personality of the writer, for such curiosity and interest are tributes to the originality and power of the book. That Sharp should, in Fiona Macleod's name, send copies of her work to eminent writers with accompanying complimentary letters about these eminent writers' own work, and then complain because the literary world was agog to know who Fiona Macleod really was, seems to me a little unreasonable.

For instance—I quote from Mrs. Sharp's profoundly interesting and fascinating memoir of her husband—as Miss Macleod Sharp wrote to Mr. George Meredith as follows: "Naturally, I was eager it should appeal to you, not only because I have long taken keener delight in your writings than in those of any living writer, but also because you are Prince of Celtland." M. Anatole Le Braz was hailed by her in a letter as "the foremost living exponent of Breton genius." To Mr. Ernest Rhys she said: "There is, I take it, no one living who could interpret Davyth ap Gwilym and other old Welsh singers as you could do." To Mr. W. B. Yeats her words, among others, were: "I love your work and take an endless delight in your poetry, and look to you as not only one of the rare few on whose lips is the honey of Magh Mell, but as one the dark zone of whose mind is lit with the strange stars and constellations of the spiritual life." In sending one of her books to Grant Allen she said that he was "the most brilliant champion of the Celtic genius now living"—a position, by the bye, which she had already in effect accorded to Mr. Meredith.

Not unnaturally, these and other writers whose ardent admirer she pro-

fessed herself in such terms to be discussed the work thus brought to their notice, and wondered who was this Nymph from Nowhere, or asked themselves whether it was possible that this literary Will o' the Wisp was no woman at all, but merely handsome Will Sharp in a petticoat. One of them, Grant Allen, who had sent the supposed Miss Macleod a generous letter of appreciation, had reason thereafter to think that he had been hoaxed, and wrote to Sharp a letter in which, for all its friendliness, there is a spice of resentment. "If she turn out to be W. S.," he said, "I shall owe you a bad one for it; for I felt my letter had just that nameless tinge of emotion one uses to a woman and a beginner, but which would be sadly out of place with an old hand like yourself."

That others beside Grant Allen should thus early have guessed the secret is no matter for wonder, for the heat with which Sharp repudiated the assertion that he and Fiona Macleod were one and the same person did more to "give the game away" and to cause others to draw their own conclusions than if he had smilingly refused to answer, as was the case with the author or authors who were charged with being "David Lyall."

Personally I think Sharp would have done well to have followed the example of David Lyall. That there is no similarity between the work of "Fiona Macleod" and "David Lyall" is perfectly true; but each writer appeals to a special, if entirely different, public; and "Who is David Lyall?" was as frequently asked by one set of readers as "Who is Fiona Macleod?" was asked by another. As in the case of Fiona Macleod, rumor sometimes attributed the "David Lyall" stories to one particular man of letters, sometimes to a collaboration between a man and a woman, and at other times to a well-known lady novelist. But, unlike Sharp, the author or authors of "David Lyall" wisely refused, so far as I am aware, to be drawn into making any definite statement, with the result that to this day the outside public at least—I am not speaking of those inner literary circles in which no secret of the sort can long be maintained—is as mystified and as uncertain as ever, for when I go lecturing in Scotland and the provinces the question "Who really is David Lyall?" is put to me time after time in every town I visit.

More important still, David Lyall did not tacitly and in effect allow it to be supposed that men and women of letters are licensed libertines in the matter of playing fast and loose with facts, and that their explicit and deliberate "Yea" or "Nay" means nothing. To me it is a serious reflection upon the profession of letters that a man should pass his word, and not only not be believed, but that, so long as it is merely a question of the craft by which he gets his livelihood or in which he has made his name, no one should expect him to speak the truth.

That this is the view generally entertained I have reason to know from a personal experience, which, since it is very much to the point, I may be pardoned for relating here.

Some years ago Mr. Elkin Mathews asked me to preface a striking, original little book, published by him, and entitled *The Views of Christopher*. In my preface I explicitly stated that I was not the author of the book; yet, because some of the reviewers found, or fancied that they found, a resemblance in thought or in style to my own work, no less than eight of them refused to accept my disclaimer, and asserted there could be no doubt but that I, and no one else, was the author of *The Views of Christopher*.. And what staggered and astounded me

most was that not one of the eight seemed to think one penny the worse of me for having deliberately said what, according to them, I knew to be untrue.

This seems to be a state of affairs which is neither admirable in itself nor complimentary to literature, and I venture to think that for the credit of our craft it would be well if authors realized that, great as is the license allowed them in their capacity as writers, when in their own name they make a definite and explicit statement they must keep facts apart from fiction, and must remember that the same good faith is expected from them as is expected from the ordinary man of business or man of the world.

Chambers's Journal.

If curious folk impertinently concern themselves with an author's business, or put to him a question they have no right to ask, he is fully justified in giving them such answer as in his discretion seems most likely to leave them no wiser than they were before. There is no obligation upon any one voluntarily or under pressure to acquaint others with his private business, but there is an obligation not deliberately and in set terms to say what is untrue. A man's word, *given as his word*, should hold good, no matter what his occupation. Else what is to become of what Mr. Watts-Dunton in a memorable line so finely calls, "Truth's own reward—belief"?

Coulson Kernahan.

MONTE CARLO.

In one respect, and in one only, Monte Carlo is like heaven: it is assumed that everyone wishes to go there, and that everyone who is at all able to, does go there. It stands as a kind of symbol of the desirable; and if at this time of year you say to anyone "I am going to Monte Carlo," the countersign is invariably "lucky dog!" And to the credit of Monte Carlo it must be admitted that one's own sensations on setting forth for it are not unsuitably described in those words. It is the first holiday of the year, and it expresses our impatience to rush to meet the returning Spring, instead of waiting for it in England. Certainly the setting out is fun. The sight of the Mediterranean express at Calais, with the long lines of brown sleeping cars with their polished lettering and magic label "Calais—Vintimille," is agreeable; it is fun to wander up and down the corridors and see what acquaintances you have among the travellers; it is even fun to resume your acquaintance with the interior domestic economy of the august corporation in the spelling of whose name sixty-three gunmetal letters are employed; to wonder what "tisane sleeping-car" is like, and what dread potion is designated by the word "grog." Some day I intend to tear down this veil, but I postpone it because one must keep some mysteries in the world, and if these two were gone I should feel that the possibilities of life had been diminished for me. It is delicious to open one's window in the early morning somewhere near Orange or Avignon, and to get the first breath of the cool and tranquil airs, and smell the perfumes, of another Spring. And best of all it is to wake up on one's first morning in Monte Carlo, to go out on the balcony in the hot sunshine and look out over the peacock shallows and the turquoise depths of the Mediterranean, to stroll in the garden among scents of lemon and stock and roses and geranium and verbena,

to eat the tiny sweet oranges warm off the trees, and to realize that the sun shines and that you have no work to do. That first morning is really the best thing that Monte Carlo has to give you, and perhaps the best way to taste its pleasures would be to spend but one night there and, if by any chance the first morning was not fine, to return as far as Marseilles or Lyons and make a fresh descent upon it, and so procure a full indulgence of its delicious surprise.

But beyond that, and your first luncheon in one of its exquisite restaurants, Monte Carlo ceases to live quite up to its reputation. I feel a certain diffidence about suggesting that there can be any qualification of the virtues of a place from which I have just returned, and to which everyone who has not been there would like to go. But it is six years since I was there last, and will probably be as long before I am there again; and though I am capable of the keenest enjoyment, I do begin to think that Monte Carlo is something of a delusion. One is supposed to "cast care to the winds" when there, and one pictures a society of free, careless, happy people, gay and beautiful, laughing and enraptured, moving to enchanted music about the flower-perfumed terraces of this azure shore. What one does see is a haggard, dissipated, care-worn crowd, blinking in a sunshine which is obviously afflicting to their fevered brows; a crowd for the most part of unsightly Teutonic people, whose grey and shabby ranks are but slightly leavened by the trim and cool-looking English and American visitors. The people who enjoy Monte Carlo best are those who do not live in the place itself but in the villas surrounding it; and as my host was among these fortunate few I was able to enjoy the beauty, and avoid the sordidness, of Monte Carlo. For there, the word has slipped out; Monte Carlo is on the whole a sordid place. It is obvious that it must be so, since the crudest form of gambling is the central pulse of its life; but it seems a pity. I can attain to no heights of moral indignation about gambling; if people like to amuse themselves that way, it is all one to me; and I share the common frailties of the gambler in feeling a fool when I lose, and extraordinarily clever and farsighted when I win. But most of the time there is no real gambling at Monte Carlo. People play desperately with what they can well afford to lose, and the people who can't afford to lose take care as a rule not to gamble. You see millionaires toiling for hours at some system by which they must risk at least ten times what they stand to win, and, having won perhaps fifty pounds after a hard day's work, rising haggard but exultant from the table. Or you see some fortunate being with a practically unlimited credit at the bank who has taken his twenty louis to play with and lost them, enjoying all the sensations of the ruined man, and telling you with rather a tragic air of finality that he has not got a five-franc piece left with which to buy a drink. And tomorrow he goes to the bank and draws another fifty pounds and goes through the same performance. "Come and play golf to-morrow morning," you say. "I am afraid I can't, old chap," he answers. "I am rather down, and I have got to go and work to get it back. And he does work; and his work consists of sitting at a green table with knitted brows, with a pile of money and a little card covered with calculations in front of him, and watching his money raked away into the bottomless tills of the bank.

All this is play and makebelieve, of course. For most of the players the coins are mere counters, although they

happen to be made of gold instead of brass. There is only one law which I am quite sure of with regard to this form of gambling; and that is that if you want the money very much, are in real need of it and could make good use of it, you will not get it. It would hardly be fair if you did. Money that does good is not got in that way. The wrong kind of courage is needed to win. One of the many reasons, apart from a purely mathematical one, that the bank wins so enormously is that people exhibit plenty of courage when they are losing, and none at all when they are winning. The loser goes on increasing his stakes without a tremor until his last coin is gone; but the winner gets timid, and instead of holding on to a big chance in the strength of his winnings, rushes about hither and thither over all the chances, until his winnings have melted away again.

One of the chief disappointments of Monte Carlo is that this commerce in coin, superficial and makebelieve though it is—for though people come hoping to make money, they come prepared to lose it—produces an atmosphere of sordidness and ugliness which does not mingle at all well with the extravagant daintiness and sumptuousness and luxury of the stage which it envelops. The public gambling rooms with their preposterously extravagant decorations are in the crowded hours a really most unpleasant place, with their hot atmosphere and their ill-dressed throng of ugly and covetous people. The so-called private rooms of the "cercle des étranger" are exactly the same, except that the ugly people are richer and wear more finery; while the rooms of the Sporting Club, which are supposed to be reserved for the élite, and are in fact open to practically everybody who cares enough to take the slight trouble involved in gaining admission to them, reveal the nicest people in the most unbecoming light. If gambling is such fun—and I dare say it is, under certain conditions—it ought surely to be possible to make it pretty to look at, especially when pretty people are engaged in doing it; but it is really quite the ugliest amusement from the point of view of an onlooker that can be imagined. It is very banal to say all this; I had quite hoped to discover something charming and attractive in what attracts so many others; and as I didn't, perhaps I should say no more about it.

Doubtless one of the charms of the whole world of Monte Carlo is its extreme unreality, and a Londoner who has never seen it would form the best idea of it if he imagined the crowd in the park on Ascot Sunday transferred to the White City on a hot summer morning. Even the innocent flowers look expensive and unreal, and Mont Agel is like a painted background. You come upon a church in Monte Carlo with a sense of impropriety; and such a reality as death is so out of place that it is not only never mentioned, but it is so kept in the background as to foster the illusion that it does not exist. And yet I had an experience coming away which seemed to summarize the whole spirit of the place. I had left my friends poring over the tables in the Sporting Club, and had come down to the station, which is on the very edge of a cliff, so that you can look down over the platform railings to the sea breaking below. A storm came suddenly up from the sea that afternoon; the bay was covered with white horses, and a strong wind from the south sang on the exposed platform. Suddenly there was a rush to the railings; and we saw that there was a man in the water about five hundred yards from the shore. No boat was in sight; he must have been in a boat which had cap-

sized. He was lying on his back evidently trying to husband his strength and let himself be floated in to the shore; but there was a big sea in the bay, and every quarter of a minute a white crest foamed over his head, while his body was tossed about like a piece of wet cloth. Somebody telephoned down to the harbor, but we knew that it would be at least a quarter of an hour before the fastest boat could reach him, and he had obviously been in the water for some time, and must have been nearly spent. We who looked on, sick with horror and pity, could do nothing. The cliff was steep-to, and the strongest swimmer in the world would have had the life dashed out of him if he had tried to swim out from its foot where the heavy seas were breaking on the rocks. So we stood looking, while the little arms attached to the wet sop that was a centre of human agony waved themselves about, and sea after sea flung itself easily and heavily on their poor efforts. And in the middle of it all the train de luxe arrived, and amid cries of "en voiture, messieurs!" and the hoisting of luggage through windows, and the identification of jealously-reserved places, the general attention was diverted. There was no time to see him sink and die, and he would never be rescued. The sun came out from behind a cloud and flooded the sea, turning it into a milky-green and, as the train moved out, illuminated the last mouse-like struggles of the drowning man. Three hundred yards above me they were calmly intent on the spinning of the roulette-wheel; three hundred yards below me a man was being so inconsiderate as to spoil the view of the sea by dying in it—an act so unusual that there was no apparatus either for saving him or tidying him up; and about me were voices disputing about the occupancy of certain peacock-plush compartments.

The train ran under the tunnel and out again into the sun, and the whole thing was gone. What happened to the man I knew, but would never hear. What happened to the others I might hear, but would never know. Wise men fight against chance and play with certainties; behind me beyond the hill the play was with chance, and the fight against certainty. I thought it a highly characteristic, if somewhat dramatic, ending to a week in Monte Carlo.

Filson Young.

The Saturday Review.

THE FRIEND OF HER YOUTH.

By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross.

It has come to this with me, I am not the country-house visitor that I once was. It is a sign of age, I suppose, and of growing unamiability; so, at any rate, my wife tells me. For my part, I think it indicates a power of discriminating between the things that are good enough and the infinitely more numerous things that are the reverse.

"Do you mean to say this isn't good enough?" said Philippa, putting down the novel that, at 11 A.M., she was shamelessly reading, and indicating our surroundings with a swing of her open parasol.

It was a perfect morning in August. She and I were seated in incredible leisure, in comfortable basket-chairs, on a space of sward that sank in pleasant curves to the verge of the summer sea. We looked across three miles of burnished water to the Castle Manus hills, that showed mistily through grey

veils of heat; in the middle distance a 40-ton cutter yacht drowsed at anchor; at the end of the sward a strand, theatrical in the perfection of its pale sand and dark rocks, laid itself out to attract the bather.

"I think it is very good," I replied, "but it won't last. At any minute old Derryclare will come and compel me to go out trawling, or mending nets, or cutting up bait, or mucking out the dinghey——"

"You may be thankful if he lets you off with that!" said Philippa, flitting from her first position and taking up one in advance of mine.

Following the direction of her eyes, I perceived, as it were at the back of the stage, two mysteriously shrouded figures pursuing a swift course towards the house through a shrubbery of immense hydrangea bushes. Their heads resembled monster black door-handles, round their shoulders hung flounces of black muslin; in gauntleted hands they bore trays loaded with "sections" of honey; even at a distance of fifty yards we could see their attendant *cortége* of indignant bees.

"Taken thirty pounds this morning!" shouted the leading door-handle, speeding towards the house. "Splendid heather honey!"

"You ought to show some interest," said my wife malignly. "Go in and look at it. He's your host!"

"Not if he were all the hosts of Midian!" I said, but I felt shaken.

I rose from my chair.

"I'm going to the motor-house," I said firmly.

"Very well, I shall bathe," replied Philippa.

"I suppose you are aware that your old friend, Mr. Chichester, is at present in possession of the bathing cove," I returned, "and it might be as well to ascertain the opinion of your hostess on the subject of mixed bathing."

"Did you observe that Lord Derryclare was wearing your new motor-gloves?" said Philippa as I moved away.

I magnanimously left the last word with her.

The Derryclares were in the habit of hurling themselves, at intervals, out of civilization, and into the wilderness, with much the same zest with which those who live in the wilderness hurl themselves into civilization. In the wilderness, twenty miles from a railway station, they had built them a nest, and there led that variety of the simple life that is founded on good servants, old clothes, and a total indifference to weather. Wandering friends on motor tours swooped occasionally out of space; married daughters, with intervals between visits to be filled in, arrived without warning, towing reluctant husbands (who had been there before).

Lost men, implicated in Royal Commissions and Congested Districts, were washed in at intervals; Lady Derryclare said she never asked any one,—people came.

It is true that she had asked us, but the invitation had been given on our wedding-day, and had been put away with our duplicate wedding-presents; we had now disinterred it, because I had bought a motor, and was still in the stage of enthusiasm when the amateur driver will beat up visits for his wife to pay. I do not know how Chichester got there; he, like Lady Derryclare, dated from the benighted period before Philippa knew me, and I may admit that, in common with most husbands, I am not attracted by the male friends of my wife's youth. If Chichester had been the type she fancied, was I merely a Super-Chichester?

Chichester was an elderly young man, worn smooth by much visiting in country houses, and thoroughly competent in the avocations proper to his

career. He knew the best "stands" at half the shoots in Ireland, and could tell to half a crown the value set upon each by the keeper; if you gave him a map he could put a pudgy finger upon the good cooks as promptly as an archbishop upon his cathedral towns; he played a useful and remunerative game of bridge; to see his eye, critical, yet alight with healthful voracity, travelling down the array of dishes on the side-table at breakfast, and arranging unhesitatingly the order in which they were to be attacked, was a lesson to the heedless who blunt the fine edge of appetite with porridge.

He faced me at lunch, plump and pink and shining after his bathe; he was clean-shaved (the only reliable remedy for a greying moustache, as I did not fail to point out to Philippa); it increased his resemblance to a well-fed and *passé* schoolboy. Old Derryclare, whose foible it was to believe that he never had any luncheon, was standing at the sideboard, devouring informally a slice of bread and honey. One of his eyes was bunged up by bee-stings, and the end of his large nose shone red from the same cause.

"Bill," he said, addressing his eldest son, "don't you forget to take those sections on board this afternoon."

"No fear!" responded Bill, helping himself to a beaker of barley-water with hands that bore indelible traces of tar and motor grease.

Bill was a vigorous youth, of the type that I have heard my friend Slipper describe as "a hardy young splinter": he was supposed to be preparing for a diplomatic career, and in the meantime was apparently qualifying for the engine-room of a tramp steamer (of which, it may be added, his father would have made a most admirable skipper).

"Great stuff, honey, with a rice-pudding," went on Bill. "Mrs. Yeates, do you know I can make a topping rice-pudding?"

I noticed that Chichester, who was seated next to Philippa, suddenly ceased to chew.

"I can do you a very high-class omelette, too," continued Bill, bashing a brutal spoon into the fragile elegance of something that looked as if it were made of snow and spun glass. "I'm not so certain about my mutton-chops and beefsteak, but I've had the knives sharpened, anyhow!"

Chichester turned his head away, as from a jest too clownish to be worthy of attention. His cheek was large, and had a tender, beefy flush in it.

"In *my* house," he said to Philippa, "I never allow the knives to be sharpened. If meat requires a sharp knife it is not fit to eat."

"No, of course not!" replied Philippa, with nauseating hypocrisy.

"The principle on which my wife buys meat," I said to the table at large, "is to say to the butcher, 'I want the best meat in your shop; but don't show it to me!'"

"Mrs. Yeates is quite right," said Chichester seriously; "you should be able to trust your butcher."

The door flew open, and Lady Derryclare strode in, wrestling as she came with the strings of a painting apron, whose office had been no sinecure. She was tall and grey-haired, and was just sufficiently engrossed in her own pursuits to be an attractive hostess.

"It was perfectly lovely out there on the *Sheila*," she said, handing the apron to the butler, who removed it from the room with respectful disapproval. "If only she hadn't swung with the tide! I found my sketch had more and more in it every moment—turning into a panorama, in fact! Yachts would be perfect if they had long solid legs and stood on concrete."

I said that I thought a small island would do as well.

Lady Derryclare disputed this, and argued that an island would involve a garden, whereas the charm of a yacht was that one hideous bunch of flowers on the cabin table was all that was expected of it, and that kind people ashore always gave it vegetables.

I said that these things did not concern me, as I usually neither opened my eyes nor touched food while yachting. I said this very firmly, being not without fear that I might yet find myself hustled into becoming one of the party that was to go aboard the *Sheila* that very night. They were to start on the top of the tide, that is to say, at 4 A.M. the following morning, to sail round the coast to a bay some thirty miles away, renowned for its pollack-fishing, and there to fish. Pollack-fishing, as a sport, does not appeal to me; according to my experience, it consists in hauling up coarse fish out of deep water by means of a hook baited with red flannel. It might appear poor-spirited, even effeminate, but nothing short of a press-gang should get me on board the *Sheila* that night.

"Every expedition requires its martyr," said Lady Derryclare, helping herself to some of the best cold salmon it has been my lot to encounter, —"it makes it so much pleasanter for the others; someone they can despise and say funny things about."

"The situation may produce its martyr," I said.

Lady Derryclare glanced quickly at me, and then at Chichester, who was now expounding to Philippa the method, peculiar to himself, by which he secured mountain mutton of the essential age.

At nine-thirty that night I sat with my hostess and my wife, engaged in a domestic game of Poker-patience. Shaded lights and a softly burning turf-fire shed a mellow radiance; an exquisite completeness was added by a silken rustle of misty rain against the south window.

"Do you think they'll start in this weather?" said Philippa sympathetically.

"Seventy-five, and one full house, ten, that's eighty-five," said Lady Derryclare abstractedly. "Start? you may be quite sure they'll start! Then we three shall have an empty house. That ought to count at least twenty!"

Lady Derryclare was far too good a hostess not to appreciate the charms of solitude; that Philippa and I should be looked upon as solitude was soothing to the heart of the guest, the heart that, however good the hostess, inevitably conceals some measure of apprehension.

"Has Mr. Chichester been on board the *Sheila*?" I inquired with elaborate unconcern.

"*Never!*" said Lady Derryclare melodramatically.

"I believe he has done some yachting?" I continued.

"A five-hundred-ton steam yacht to the West Indies!" replied Lady Derryclare. "Bathrooms and a *chef*——"

There was a thumping of heavy feet outside the door, and the yacht party entered, headed by Lord Derryclare with a lighted lantern. They were clad in oilskins and sou'-westers; Bill had a string of onions in one hand and a sponge-bag in the other; Chichester carried a large gold-mounted umbrella.

"You look as if you were acting a charade," said Lady Derryclare, shuffling the cards for the next game, the game that would take place when the pleasure-seekers had gone forth into the rain. "The word is Fare-well, I understand?"

It occurred to me that to fare well was the last thing that Chichester was

likely to do; and, furthermore, that the same thing had occurred to him.

"Fare thee well, my own Mary Anne!" sang Lord Derryclare, in a voice like a bassoon, and much out of tune. "It's a dirty night, but the glass is rising, and" (here he relapsed again into song), "We are bound for the sea, Mary Anne! We are bound for the sea!"

"Then we're to meet you on Friday?" said Philippa, addressing herself to Chichester in palpable and egregious consolation.

"Dear lady," replied Chichester tartly, "in the South of Ireland it is quite absurd to make plans. One is the plaything of the climate!"

"All aboard," said Lord Derryclare, with a swing of his lantern.

As they left the room the eye of Bill met mine, not without understanding.

"Now D.'s perfectly happy," remarked Lady Derryclare, sorting her suits; "but I'm not quite so sure about the Super-Cargo."

The game progressed pleasantly, and we heard the rain enwrap the house softly, as with a mantle.

The next three days were spent in inglorious peace, not to say sloth. On one of them, which was wet, I cleared off outstanding letters and browsed among new books and innumerable magazines; on the others, which were fine, I ran the ladies in the car back into the hills, and pottered after grouse with a venerable red setter, while Lady Derryclare painted, and Philippa made tea. When not otherwise employed, I thanked heaven that I was not on board the *Sheila*.

On Thursday night came a telegram from the yacht—

"Ronnie's flotilla in, luncheon party to-morrow, come early.—BILL."

At nine o'clock the next morning we were on the road; there was a light northerly breeze, enough to dry the roads and to clear the sky of all save a few silver feathers of cloud; the heather was in bloom on the hills, the bogs were bronze and green, the mountains behind them were as blue as grapes; best of all, the car was running like a saint, floating up the minor hills, pounding unfalteringly up the big ones. She and I were still in the honeymoon stage, and her most normal virtues were to me miraculous; even my two ladies, though, like their sex, grossly utilitarian, and incapable, as I did not fail to assure them, of appreciating the poesy of mechanism, were complimentary.

In that part of Ireland in which my lot is cast signposts do not exist. The residents, very reasonably, consider them to be superfluous, even ridiculous, in view of the fact that every one knows the way, and as for strangers, "haven't they tongues in their heads as well as another?" It all tends to conversation and an increased knowledge of human nature. Therefore it was that when we had descended from the hills, and found ourselves near the head of Dunerris Bay, at a junction of three roads, any one of which might have been ours, our only course was to pause there and await enlightenment.

It came, plentifully, borne by an outside car, and bestowed by no less than four beautifully dressed young ladies. I alighted and approached the outside car, and was instructed by the driver as to the route, an intricate one, to Eyries Harbor. The young ladies offered supplementary suggestions; they were mysteriously acquainted with the fact that the *Sheila* was our destination, and were also authorities on the movements of that section of the British Navy that was known to the family of Sub-Lieutenant the Hon. Ronald Cunningham as "Ronnie's Flotilla."

"We met the yacht gentlemen at tea on Mr. Cunningham's torpedo-boat yesterday afternoon," volunteered the prettiest of the young ladies, with a droop of her eyelashes.

The party then laughed, and looked at each other, as those do who have together heard the chimes at midnight.

"Why, we're going to lunch with them to-day at the hotel at Ecclestown! and with you, too!" broke in another, with a sudden squeal of laughter.

I said that the prospect left nothing to be desired.

"Mr. Chichester invited us yesterday!" put in a third from the other side of the car.

"I don't think it's pollack he'll order for luncheon," said the fourth of the party from under the driver's elbow, a flapper, with a slow, hoarse voice, and a heavy cold in her head.

"Shut up, Katty, you brat!" said the eldest, with lightning utterance.

The quartette again dissolved into laughter. I said "Au revoir," and withdrew to report progress to my deeply interested passengers.

As the outside car disappeared from view at a corner, the Flapper waved a large pocket-handkerchief to me.

"You seem to have done wonderfully well in the time," said Lady Derryclare kindly.

For half an hour or more we ran west along the southern shore of the great bay; Ecclestown, where Chichester's luncheon-party was to take place, was faintly visible on the farther side. So sparkling was the sea, so benign the breeze, that even I looked forward without anxiety, almost with enjoyment, to the sail across the bay. There is a bland and peaceful suggestion about the word village that is wholly inapplicable to the village of Eyries, a collection of dismal, slated cabins, grouped round a public-house, like a company of shabby little hens round a shabby and bedraggled cock. The road that had conveyed us to this place of entertainment committed suicide on a weedy beach below, its last moments much embittered by chaotic heaps of timber, stones, and gravel. A paternal Board was building a pier, and "mountains of gold was flying into it, but the divil a much would ever come out of it."

This I was told by the publican as I bestowed the car in an outhouse in his yard, wherein, he assured me, "neither chick nor child would find it."

The *Sheila* was anchored near the mouth of the harbor; there was a cheerful air of expectancy about her, and her big mainsail was hoisted; her punt, propelled by Bill, was already tripping towards us over the little waves; the air was salt, and clean, and appetizing. Bill appeared to be in robust health; he had taken on a good many extra tones of sunburn, and it was difficult, on a cursory inspection, to decide where his neck ended and his brown flannel shirt began.

"——Oh, a topping time!" he said, as we moved out over the green, clear water, through which glimmered to us the broken pots and pans of Eyries that lay below. "Any amount of fish going. We've had to give away no end."

"I should like to hear what you've been giving Mr. Chichester to eat," said Lady Derryclare suavely.

"Well, there was the leg of mutton that we took with us; he ate that pretty well; and a sort of a hash next day, fair to m'ddling."

"And after that," said his mother, with polite interest.

"Well, after that," said Bill, leaning his elbows on his sculls and ticking off the items on his fingers, "we had boiled pollack, and fried pollack, and pollack *réchauffé aux fines herbes*—onions, you know——" Bill broke off artistically, and I recalled to myself

a saying of an American sage, "Those that go down to the sea in ships see the works of the Lord, but those that go down to the sea in cutters see hell."

"He went ashore yesterday," said Bill, resuming his narrative and the sculls, "and came aboard with a pig's face and a pot of jam that he got at the pub, and I say—that pig's face—Phew! My aunt!"

"'Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been,'" quoted Lady Derryclare.

Philippa shuddered aloud.

"But he's going to come level to-day," went on Bill; "he's standing us all lunch at the Eccleston Hotel, Ronnie's skipper and all. He spent a good half-hour writing out a menu, and Ronnie took it over last night. We had tea on board Ronnie's ship, you know."

We said we knew all about the tea-party and the guests.

"Oh you do, do you?" said Bill; "then you know a good deal! Chichester can tell you a bit more about the dark one if you like to ask him!"

"He seems to have outgrown his fancy for fair people," I said.

Philippa put her nose in the air.

"He's gorgeously dressed for the occasion," continued Bill.

"More than you are!" said his mother.

"Oh, my one don't care. No more does Ronnie's. What they enjoyed was the engine-room."

"It seems to me," said Lady Derryclare to Philippa, "that we are rather superfluous to this entertainment."

Chichester stood at the gangway, and helped the ladies on to the narrow, hog-backed deck of the *Sheila*.

He was indeed beautifully dressed, but, to the critical eye, it seemed that the spotless grey flannel suit hung a shade easier, and that the line of his cheek was less freshly rounded. His nose had warmed to a healthful scarlet, but his eye was cold, and distinctly bleak. He was silent, not, it was obvious to me, because he had nothing to say, but because he might have more to say than would be convenient. In all senses save the literal one, he suggested the simple phrase, "Fed up." I felt for him. As I saw the grim deck-bosses on which we might have to sit, and the dark mouth of the cabin in which we might have to eat, and tripped over a rope, and grasped at the boom, which yielded instead of supporting me, I thought with a lover's ardor of the superiority—whether as means of progression or as toy—of the little car, tucked away in the Eyries publican's back-yard, where neither chick nor child would find her.

"You ought to have come with us, Yeates," said Derryclare, emerging from the companion hatch with a fishing-line in his hand. "Great sport! we got a hundred and fifty yesterday—beats trout-fishing! Doesn't it, Chichester?"

Chichester smiled sarcastically and looked at his watch.

"Quite right," said his lordship, twisting his huge hairy paw, and consulting the nickel time-keeper on his wrist. "Time to be off—mustn't keep our young ladies waiting. We'll slip across in no time with this nice breeze. Regular ladies' day. Now then, Bill! get that fores'l on her—we'll up anchor and be off!"

There are few places in creation where the onlooker can find himself more painfully and perpetually *de trop* than on the deck of a small yacht. I followed the ladies to the saloon. Chichester remained on deck. As I carefully descended the companion-ladder I saw him looking again at his watch, and from it across the bay to the hazy white specks, some four miles away, in one of which assiduous waiters were even now, it might be, setting

forth the repast that was to indemnify him for three days of pollack.

"P'ff; I wonder if they ever open the windows," said Lady Derryclare, fitting herself skilfully into the revolving chair at the end of the cabin table. "Do sit down—these starting operations are always lengthy."

I took my seat—that is to say, I began to sit down in the air, well outside the flap of the table, and gradually inserted myself underneath it. The bunch of flowers, foretold by Lady Derryclare, confronted us, packed suffocatingly into its vase, and even the least astute of the party (I allude to myself) was able unhesitatingly to place it as an attention from the fair ones of the outside car. Behind my shoulders, a species of trough filled the interval between the back of the seat and the sloping side of the yacht; in it lay old tweed caps, old sixpenny magazines, field-glasses, cans of tobacco, and a well-worn box of "Patience" cards. Above and behind it a rack made of netting was darkly charged with signal-flags, fishing-rods, and minor offal.

"Think of them all, smoking here on a wet night!" said Lady Derryclare with abhorrence; "with the windows shut and no shade on the lamp! Let nothing tempt any of you to open the pantry door; we might see the pig's face. Unfortunate George Chichester!"

"I shouldn't pity him too much," said I. "I expect he wouldn't take five pounds for his appetite this moment!"

The rhythmic creak of the windlass told that the anchor was coming up. It continued for some moments, and then stopped abruptly.

"Now then, all together!" said Lord Derryclare's voice.

A pause, punctuated by heavy grunts of effort—then Bill's voice.

"What the blazes is holding it? Come on, Chichester, and put your back into it!"

Chichester's back, ample as it would seem, had no appreciable effect on the situation.

"You ought to go and help them, Sinclair," said my wife with that readiness to offer a vicarious sacrifice that is so characteristic of wives.

I said I would wait till I was asked. I had not to wait long.

I took my turn at the warm handle-bar of the windlass, and grunted and strove as strenuously as my predecessors. The sun poured down in undesired geniality, the mainsail lurched and flapped; the boom tugged at its tether; the water jabbered and gurgled past the bows.

"I think we're in the *consommé!*" remarked Bill, putting his hands in his pockets.

"Here," said Lord Derryclare, with a very red face; "confound her! we'll sail her off it!"

Chichester sat down in a deck-chair as remote as possible from his kind, and once again consulted his watch. Bill took the tiller; ropes were hauled, slacked, made fast; the boom awoke to devastating life; the *Sheila* swung, tilted over to the breeze, and made a rush for freedom. The rush ended in a jerk, the anchor remained immovable, and the process was repeated in the opposite direction, with a vigor that restored Chichester abruptly to the bosom of society—in point of fact, my bosom. He said nothing, or at least nothing to signify, as I assisted him to rise, but I felt as if I were handling a live shell.

During the succeeding quarter of an hour the *Sheila*, so it seemed to my untutored mind, continued to sail in tangents towards all the points of the compass, and at the end of each tangent was brought up with an uncompromising negative from the anchor. By that time my invariable yacht-

headache was established, and all the other men in the ship were advancing, at a varying rate of progress, into a frame of mind that precluded human intercourse, and was entirely removed from perceiving any humor in the situation.

Through all these affairs the sound of conversation ascended steadily through the main-hatch. Lady Derryclare and my wife were playing Patience in the cabin, and were at the same time discussing intricate matters in connection with District Nurses, with that strange power of doing one thing and talking about another that I have often noticed in women. It was at about this period that the small, rat-like head of Bill's kitchen-maid, Jimmy, appeared at the fore-hatch (accompanied by a reek of such potency that I immediately assigned it to the pig's face), and made the suggestion about the Congested Diver. That the Diver, however congested, was a public official, engaged at the moment in laying the foundations of the Eyries Pier, did not, this being Ireland, complicate the situation. The punt, with Bill, hot and taciturn, in the stern, sprang forth on her errand, smashing and bouncing through the sharpened edges of the little waves. As I faced that dainty and appetizing breeze, I felt the first pang of the same hunger that was, I knew, already gnawing Chichester like a wolf.

"We must have fouled some old moorings," said Derryclare, coming up from the cabin, with a large slice of bread and honey in his hand, and an equanimity somewhat restored by a working solution of the problem. "Damn nuisance, but it can't be helped. Better get something to eat, Chichester; you won't get to Ecclestown before three o'clock at the best."

"No, thank you," said Chichester, without raising his eyes from the four-day-old paper that he was affecting to read.

I strolled discreetly away, and again looked down through the skylight into the cabin. The ladies were no longer there, and, in defiance of all nautical regulations, a spirit-lamp with a kettle upon it was burning on the table, a sufficient indication to a person of my experience that Philippa and Lady Derryclare had abandoned hope of the Ecclestown lunch and were making tea. The prospect of something to eat, of any description, was not unpleasing; in the meantime I took the field-glasses, and went forward to follow, pessimistically, the progress of the punt in its search for the Diver.

There was no one on the pier. Bill landed, went up the beach, and was lost to sight in the yard of the public-house.

"It must be he's at his dinner," said Jimmy at my elbow, descrying these movements with a vision that appeared to be equal to mine plus the field-glasses. There was an interval, during which I transferred my attention to Ecclestown; its white hotel basked in sunshine, settled and balmy, as of the land of Beulah. Its comfortable aspect suggested roast chicken, tingling glasses of beer, even of champagne. A torpedo-boat, with a thread of smoke coming quietly from its foremost funnel, lay in front of the hotel. It seemed as though it were enjoying an after-luncheon cigarette.

"They're coming out now!" said Jimmy, with excitement; "it must be they were within in the house looking at the motor."

I turned the field-glasses on Eyries; a fair proportion of its population was emerging from the yard of the public-house, and the length to which their scientific interest had carried them formed a pleasing subject for meditation.

"There's the ha'past one mail-car

coming in," said Jimmy; "it's likely he'll wait for the letters now."

The mirage of the Ecclestown lunch here melted away, as far as I was concerned, and with a resignation perfected in many Petty Sessions courts, I turned my appetite to humbler issues. To those who have breakfasted at eight, and have motored over thirty miles of moorland, tea and sardines at two o'clock are a mere affair of outposts, that leave the heart of the position untouched. Yet a temporary glow of achievement may be attained by their means, and the news brought back by Bill, coupled with a fresh loaf, that the Diver was coming at once, flattered the hope that the game was still alive. Bill had also brought a telegram for Chichester.

"Who has the nerve to tell Mr. Chichester that there's something to eat here?" said Lady Derryclare, minutely examining the butter.

"Philippa is obviously indicated," I said malignly. "She is the Friend of His Youth!"

"You're all odious," said Philippa, sliding from beneath the flap of the table with the light of the lion-tamer in her eye.

What transpired between her and the lion we shall never know. She returned almost immediately, with a heightened color, and the irrelevant information that the Diver had come on board. The news had the lifting power of a high explosive. We burst from the cabin, and went on deck as one man, with the exception of my wife, who, with a forethought that did her credit, turned back to improvise a cosy for the teapot.

The Diver was a large person, of few words, with a lowering brow and a heavy moustache. He did not minimize the greatness of his condescension in coming aboard the yacht; he listened gloomily to the explanations of Lord Derryclare. At the conclusion of the narrative he moved in silence to the bows and surveyed the situation. His boat, containing the apparatus of his trade, was alongside; a stalwart underling, clad in a brown jersey, sat in the bows; in the stern was enthroned the helmet, goggling upon us like a decapitated motorist. It imparted a thrill that I had not experienced since I read Jules Verne at school.

"Here, Jeremiah!" said the Diver.

The satellite came on deck with the single sinuous movement of a salmon.

The Diver motioned him to the windlass. "We'll take a turn at this first," he said.

They took each a handle, they bent to their task, and the anchor rose at their summons like a hot knife out of butter.

Every man present, with the exception of the Diver and the satellite, made the simple declaration that he was damned, and it was in the period of paralysis following on this that a fresh ingredient was added to the situation.

A giant voice filled the air, and in a windy bellow came the words—

"Nice lot you are!"

We faced about and saw "Ronnie's torpedo-boat" executing a sweeping curve in the mouth of Eyries Harbor.

"Couldn't wait any longer!" proceeded the voice of the Megaphone. "We've got to pick up the others outside. Thanks awfully for luncheon! Top-hole!"

Torpedo boat No. 1000 completed the curve and headed for the open sea, with a white mane of water rising above her bows. There was something else white fluttering at the stern. I put up the field-glasses, and with their aid perceived upon the deck a party of four ladies, one of whom was waving a large pocket-handkerchief. The glasses were here taken out of

my hand by Chichester, but not before I had identified the Flapper.

What Chichester said of Ronnie was heard only by me, and possibly by Jimmy, who did not count. I think it may have saved his life, being akin to opening a vein. That I was the sole recipient of these confidences was perhaps due to the fact that the *Sheila*, so swiftly and amazingly untethered, here began to fall away to leeward, with all the wilful helplessness of her kind, and instant and general confusion was the result. There were a few moments during which ropes, spars, and human beings pursued me wherever I went. Then I heard Lord Derryclare's voice—"Let go that anchor again."

The sliding rattle of the chain followed, the anchor plunged; the *status quo* was re-established.

Chichester went ashore with the Diver to catch the out-going mail-car. The telegram that had arrived with Bill was brought into action flagrantly, and was as flagrantly accepted. (It was found, subsequently, on his cabin floor, and was to the effect that the cartridges had been forwarded as directed.) The farewells were made, the parting regrets very creditably accomplished, and we stood on the deck and saw him go, with his suitcase, his rods, his gun-case, heaped imposingly in the bow, his rug, and his coats, the greater and the less, piled beside him in the stern.

The wind had freshened; the Diver and Jeremiah drove the boat into it with a will, and the heavy oars struck spray off the crests of the waves. We saw Chichester draw forth the greater coat, and stand up and put it on. The boat lurched, and he sat down abruptly, only to start to his feet again as if he had been stung by a wasp. He thrust his hand into the pocket, and Philippa clutched my arm.

"Could it have been into the pocket of *his* coat that I put the teapot——?" she breathed.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MARK RUTHERFORD.

English fiction has sustained a notable loss in the person of Mark Rutherford. With a shrinking from publicity characteristic of his whole life and work the author thus known sought the refuge of a double anonymity, the autobiographical fragments known as Rutherford's being generally presented to the public under the supposed editorship of his friend Reuben Shapcott. His best known words, *The Autobiography* and its sequel, *The Deliverance*, are specimens of the rare type of spiritual revelations and they bear a closer resemblance in some respects to the *Apologia* of Newman, the life portrait of Father Tyrell, or the *Memoirs* of Mark Pattison than to the fiction of Mallock or to the more precious mental evolutions of such personages as Robert Elsmere or Helbeck of Bannisdale. The insight his books give into the religious atmosphere of the Free Churches during the epoch of Reform has no near rival that we know of in the whole sphere of English literature. Hale White, the author, was himself trained for the ministry, but the horizon of the Baptists was far too bounded in those pre-Arnoldean days for a man of his profound religious sympathy and understanding to be anything for long save a "stickit minister," and Mark Rutherford was to communicate his message happily in a more permanent form than would have been possible in any kind of Nonconformist conventicle. He

interpolates several sermons into his novels and these are the only sermons we have read for many years. He also describes sermons of the old Methodist type which once impressed Lord Chesterfield.

"The preacher spoke a broad Lancashire dialect and was very dramatic. He pictured God's efforts to save a soul. Under the pulpit ledge was the imaginary bottomless pit of this world —not of the next. He leaned over and pretended to be drawing the soul up with a cord. 'He comes! he comes!' he cried; 'God be praised—he is safe!' and he landed him on the Bible. The congregation gave a great groan of relief. 'There he is on the Rock of Ages. No! No—he slips; the Devil has him!' The preacher tried to rescue him. 'He is gone—gone!' And he bent over the pulpit in agony. The people almost shrieked. 'Gone—gone!' he said again with the most moving pathos, and was still for a moment."

With a deep sense of religion Rutherford combined, like Milton, a keenly felt sorrow for the religious aberrations of suffering humanity. He had such an ever-present sense of the glorious idea of the original melody that he could not fail to regard the worn-out tunes, churned out by the majority of accredited interpreters as the most dismal of travesties. He recognized the subject matter of true religion in the patiently-borne woes of the down-trodden, the abject, the crushed slaves of modern civility, the poor. Prolonged and intense reflection on this subject made a revolutionist of him and he wrote: "Talk about the atrocities of the Revolution! All the atrocities of the democracy heaped together ever since the world began would not equal, if we had a gauge by which to measure them, the atrocities perpetrated in a week upon the poor, simply because they are poor; and the marvel rather is, not that there is every now and then a September massacre at which the world shrieks, but that such horrors are so infrequent. Again, I say, let no man judge communist or anarchist till he has *asked for leave to work* and a Damn your eyes! has rung in his ear." One outcome of this conviction was Rutherford's oddly named masterpiece, *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane.* The book is built up in a very fragmentary way round two time centres, 1814 and 1834, and has little coherence save that conferred by vivid characters and imaginatively suggested episodes. A sort of climax is reached in the abortive march of the Blanketeers from Manchester, in which two of the chief characters lost their lives and the hero, a journeyman printer (if Zechariah Coleman can be termed the hero), his liberty. Rutherford rightly doubts whether this seemingly futile march, or the Peterloo massacre, or any of the other bloodstained failures of these Jacobin days was really abortive. "The Blanketeers shivering on Ardwick Green, the weavers who afterwards drilled on the Lancashire moors, and were hung according to law, or killed at Peterloo, are less ridiculous than those who hung or sabred them, less ridiculous than the Crimean War and numberless dignified events in human history, the united achievements of the sovereigns and ministers of Europe. . . . A revolt instantaneously quenched in blood is (nine times out of ten) not merely the precursor, but the direct progenitor of success." The character of Jean Coleman in this book is perhaps Rutherford's subtlest achievement in the sphere of direct delineation. She is depicted with a Dutch naturalness, quietism, and absence of exaggeration. "She was the born natural enemy of dirt, dust, untidiness, and of every kind of irregularity, as the cat is the born natural enemy of the mouse. The sight of dirt, in fact, gave her a quiet

kind of delight, because she foresaw the pleasure of annihilating it."

Rutherford's method of leaving vast interstices in the story to the imagination, the veracity of his statement, always above and beyond the question of exaggerating, and the sobriety of his expectations from life, are no less surprising than his devotion to such glossers and romanticists as Byron and Scott. He recognizes in Byron the panacea for the circumscribed lives and half-stifled wills and imaginations of the city-pent. The little town of Cowfold in the Midlands, with its vistas of cornfields, its school, doctor's house, private resident and ministers, is a creation to be paralleled only in the county towns of George Eliot. Rutherford contrasts with the pettiness of Cowfold cares the Arabian charm of the magician, so sanative, so blessed, felt directly a volume of *Kenilworth* or *Redgauntlet* was taken down. "If anywhere in another world the blessings which men have conferred here are taken into account in distributing reward, surely the choicest in the store of the Most High will be reserved for his servant Scott." Two things are very clear to the diligent peruser of these novels of Rutherford. One is that the author has loved deeply, and has bestowed his love upon many from whom he can have received little in return. He was probably one of those shy and retiring beings who crave love but cannot assume it and lack the property of acquiring it by domination. In endeavoring to acquire such a possession by merit he often lost it altogether and suffered with an acuteness of which a remorseless memory for human variability was a powerful element. He often talks of the tragedy in the life of revolutionists that they work for the benefit and recognition of those who are constitutionally unable to value or even perceive their services and sacrifices. Similarly, he understands from experience the complete shattering of hope and the mutilated lives of those who have to piece together the torn fragments and go on living on the frugal provision of broken pieces and half-remembered curiosities. Rutherford was evidently an adept in suffering. The best account that I know of this side of his life was printed in the *Bookman* in an article by an anonymous writer about ten years ago. Fortunately I made a few notes from it which I am now able to reproduce. It gives the inner Rutherford with the conviction of intimate knowledge and sympathetic perception. Few writers of real eminence have come to their own by less obtrusive means. "Mark Rutherford has appealed to the few and the discriminating, rather than to the general public. It is doubtful if his books will ever be popular in the wide sense of the term. They are the productions of a highly sensitive mind, of singular delicacy and austerity; they deal with the deep things of thought and experience; and only those who have trodden some of the ways of sorrow which are familiar to Rutherford will ever feel the true compulsion of his genius. His compensation is that those who are able to receive his message invariably come to regard him with a peculiar depth of affection. . . .

"What is the secret of Mark Rutherford's charm? One of its chief elements is a certain sad lucidity of vision. He has not only sight but insight, a deep, steady, penetrating gaze which goes to the roots of things. Make-believe of any kind is impossible to him. His power of analysis is a terrible and triumphant power. He knows what is in men, because he knows what is in himself. With merciless accuracy he lays bare the secrets of his heart, scorning all excuse for weakness, disregarding conventional pleas, taking no counsel even with the

decencies of self-shame, intent only on the truth. He tells us things about himself which most men would be unwilling to reveal to an intimate friend. He has no illusions about himself, or about other people. He is a realist, but a realist who deals not with matter but with spirit. All his books have a high confessional value; his greatest book, the *Autobiography*, ranks with the greatest confessions of literature. It is as frank as Rousseau, as honest as Cellini, but it is absolutely unlike either, because it is a spiritual confession. The gross facts of life are not avoided—no confession would be worth anything that did not include these facts—but they are seen solely in relation to an inner life. For Rutherford all facts are spiritual phenomena, or have their root in spiritual soil. Hence he tells us more about life than a Rousseau or a Cellini. He goes deeper than they, he unwinds the inmost coil, he exposes the dynamic of all action. . . .

"Lucidity of vision is accompanied with perfect lucidity of style. No writer of our time has excelled so greatly in the art of the packed and pregnant phrase, yet none shows so little trace of artifice. In the pages of Rutherford there are no purple patches, not the least attempt at fine writing; yet in grave and serious eloquence it would be difficult to name his rival. He can say more in half-a-dozen lines than almost any modern writer—more even than so great a master of compact wisdom as Meredith. Simplicity is with him the last art of profundity. A single phrase of his often has the effect of a torch flung into an abyss; it lights up inscrutable depths, it reveals hidden secrecies of thought or motive. A single sentence serves him to describe the greatest emotional crisis of his story, the consummation of his love; but when was love-story better told? 'My arm was around her in an instant, her head was on my shoulder, and my many wanderings were over.' That is all, and no more was said, because there is nothing more that can be said. Stevenson once remarked that he would be a great writer if he could only learn the art of omission; Rutherford possesses this art in its perfection. His style, apparently the simplest, is the most difficult to imitate, because it has no peculiarities. It has the purity and severity of perfect light. It has no peculiarities, but it is saturated in idiosyncrasy."

Thomas Seccombe.

The New Witness.

THE BOOK WITH SEVEN SEALS.

It is no wonder that historians have filled a week, and that to professors of the past a chairman's bell has vainly recalled the transitory pulse of hours. Time is their province, and (to adopt the hymnist's hyperbole) eternity were too short to utter all the marvels they have unearthed within its frontier. It is theirs to burrow and browse over that vast region of recorded nothingness which has vanished since the unimaginable moment when the sun shook off this fireball of earth to the exact distance where, suddenly, it was held spinning in orbit by some leash invisible as Marconi's wire. From that moment up to vanished yesterday all is theirs. Or if, in despair at life's brevity, they should apportion to other sciences the records of molten rocks and water's gradual erosion, still there remains to them the ages of man's metamorphoses, and a fraction of some hundred million years may occupy six afternoons.

The skull of the Sussex Ouse was a

mother many millenniums before Eve, and yet we may call it woman Rome's foundation was thought to fix an early date, but had Romulus sunk a ten-foot shaft below the surface of his Forum, he would have found the beehive urns of a race already forgotten, and from doll's house models constucted in the similitude of pastoral habitations, he might have recovered the toys and combs of children mingled with their immemorial bones. What thoughts filled that chinless head as it swung through giant trees all the way from France to summer in the north, or whose were the infants that oblivion already hid from Romulus is not beyond all conjecture of historians. Add the theories which they themselves this week have openly elucidated. What song the Hittites sang, what mystery the Egyptians apprehended as a cat, what fish the Lake Dweller refused to cook lest it should contain the family soul, what foreig conquests Pisistratus devised, what lonely God was accepted before Constantine legalized our faith, and whether the dust which handed life onward to our English bones is now blown through Middlesex as earth or ash—those are speculations to which curiosity may fitly stimulate learning.

One of the hardest tasks of reason is to acknowledge that the past nowhere exists, but can be surmised only from the scratches it has left in passing. Age by age we can dimly discern a thing transforming itself from jelly, dividing sex, adding a limb every myriad years, knotting the backbone into a lump for head, shedding the wing in evil hour, and clinging by a tail where once it perched. When history begins, time had already run ninety-nine-hundredths of its course. Man's record has covered less than the last minute of time's hour. His appearance was but the brief prelude to his end, nor can we suppose the earth to endure through another tithe of her present age before the everlasting chill shall freeze her. Into the final lap of life's panting race have been compressed the events of history whose dates we are enforced to meditate at school, receiving stripes if we err by the ticking of one imperceptible twelvemonth. The granite gods have come and gone within that lap, and kings enthroned between the hoofs of bearded bulls. Obscure hordes have emerged from Cimmerian darkness, and into darkness been engulfed. For a second the lamp of Greece has twinkled, and Rome's beneficence endured while one could say "It lightens." A little book now holds the conquests of Alexander, and who cares which Ptolemy succeeded which? Swarm after swarm of Goths and Huns have trampled the European plains, and after milking mares and flaying sheep, have passed from nowhere into nothing, leaving behind them scarcely the vestige of their tombs. It would be long to tell of Charlemagne's crown, of Fontarabia and Aspromont, of Crusading hosts and the sword of Saladin. Now is not the moment to recount how men, endowed with discourse of reason, shed their brief lives in the hope that one paltry animal of a king should rule them rather than another, or tore their brothers limb from limb, confidently expecting thus to amend a diverg nt opinion upon the ineffable mysteries of God; nor can we here enumerate the embattled arms with which the manhood of two nations fought for a plot not tomb enough, nor continent, to hide the slain; nor how into the fairest of earth's peninsulas the Turkish conquerors came, and are gone.

But even if this were told, three-quarters of the world would remain unnoticed, and incasting the balance of time's account, a hemisphere, long waiting till at full gallop it was overrun,

would stand as a deficit; nor less would innumerable Asia and the black multitudes of Africa, generating and departing unrecorded as her native ants. Even when the utmost in this kind has been accomplished, the historian discovers that all such arduously reconstructed narrations of violence, peregrinations, dynasties, and events are but the figures of a ledger, the binding of the Book with Seven Seals, the skeleton of a house, the containing pot of his cookery. Into the hotch-potch of non-existence he must thereafter fling what scraps he may collect of thoughts that once were living, of dress, and laws, and games, of sleeping and uprising, of food, of marriage, and birth, of arts and manufacturing devices, of the growth of merchantships from shapeless logs, of the inventions of poets and priests, the various forms of worship, the departed gods, and of laughter dead. For though the past exists no longer, we may probably say of it, as the King of Brobdingnag said of Gulliver's reported home: "We dare engage these creatures had their titles and distinctions of honor, they contrived little nests and burrows, that they called houses and cities; they made a figure in dress and equipage; they loved, they fought, they disputed, they cheated, they betrayed."

One would have thought that these relics of oblivion might afford the living historians subject enough for a seven-night's meditation. But, with soul unfettered to the grave of ages, Mr. James Bryce, in his presidential address, coupled future uncertainty with those departed ghosts. Prophecy is not necessarily more inaccurate than history, nor should we suppose it to be more difficult, if only the prophet has the discernment to foresee. It is true, the generations long unborn may in a future prove him false; but so might the generations of those long dead rebuke the historian, could they but speak; and, in either case, immediate confutation is unlikely. Dr. A. W. Ward, who read Mr. Bryce's paper, quoted the platitudinous saying of Leibnitz—so fine a platitude that it has almost won the value of a paradox—"The present is charged with the past, and big with the future." Seeing, then, that this passing moment, century, or ages, holds the one as fully contained within itself as the other, the discriminating mind should foretell what is to come as securely as narrate what has gone by. For it can hardly be that those few and meagre scratches upon the sand by which, as we have seen, historians attempt to steady their meanderings, can affect a difference worth considering. Imagine all of them destroyed; imagine that vanished time has left no trace of human record (as for incalculable ages it left none); we suppose that no historian worthy of the name would hesitate, from the aspect of the world around him, to reconstruct man's past. Why, then, should he hesitate to construct the future, which the present holds equally contained within it? At the worst, the result could not be more remarkable.

Anciently it was thought that prophets of the future resembled unborn babes conversing upon this present life; but foresight has increased its range, as muskets have, and no apprehension of error deterred Mr. Bryce from the prophetic robe. The world, he said, is rapidly becoming one. For the first time the whole surface of the earth is known to Europeans now. Three centuries ago the Religious Doctor could reflect: "That great antiquity America lay buried for thousands of years, and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us." It is so no longer. America is quick with life, and we shall as soon encounter a ghost returning as explore an undis-

covered country. No mysterious realm is now left for our wonder, no circumference of ocean teeming with mermaids and monstrous births, no desert where the unicorn prances in ducal coronet and golden chains. All is reduced to ordered knowledge now, and amid Africa's sunny fountains we have met a geographer disturbed because his measured chart was three yards out. Already, says Mr. Bryce, the destiny of the globe is swayed by eight chief Powers, and only two more can even be conceived as growing great. With his prophetic eye he approves the day, scarcely beyond the reach of living babies grown to dotage, when the races of man will speak scarcely twenty tongues. Add a few years' more, and we may discern a generation in which all mankind will understand the other's speech, and Babel be confounded.

The forms of religion Dr. Bryce perceives to be already reduced to four (overlooking, perhaps, the sanctuary which an upholsterer has opened in our mews), and of these four he thinks that one will presently disappear, as in a partial Twilight of the Gods. Which is the one that he marks out for death would be a fitting subject for a Sabbath speculation, but we should suppose an imbecile and tottering Sultan suggests to him the fall of Islam, perhaps too soon. So the world is known throughout her orb; eight big forces, with a possible maximum of ten, control her destinies; the tongues will fall to twenty, half-a-dozen of which will escort a traveller round the globe; only four aspects of God will remain for worship, and one of those will presently die. That is, in brief, the historian's prophecy, and he takes into his regard a future of less than eighty years. What, then, is the result which he can bid mankind expect with hope? A unity of the world, a growth of friendliness and brotherly love, a development of commerce, a freedom of intercourse that will make wars and slaughters to cease. "Seid umschlungen," cried Schiller in his Ode of Joy:—

"Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!"

That was a stirring appeal, though the poet, who died shortly before the battle of Jena, did not live to see the millions embrace each other in response. Such temporary delay should not discourage a latter-day prophet from auguries of equal loving-kindness. Nothing should discourage a prophet who can thus decipher the future out of the present time. And yet it is an untoward accident that as we read this prophecy of joy, a newly prepared table lies before us, showing at one glance the number of millions which those eight chief Powers are now holding in readiness, not to embrace bosoms with a universal kiss, but with unexampled celerity to shoot each other dead.

The Nation.

FRESH AIR.

"Well," said Francesca, "here we are at last."

"I cannot deny it," I said. It is dreadfully true."

"Do you *want* to deny it?" she said.

"Yes, Francesca, I do. My whole soul yearns to deny it; but in face of what has happened even *my* soul cannot manage it."

"And yet," she said, "your soul is a very fiery particle, too fiery, I should have thought, to be snuffed out by a mere railway journey to the sea-side."

"Francesca," I said, "much is per-

mitted to you, but I cannot allow you to refer to that railway journey again."

"Pooh," she said, "what was the matter with it?"

"How many times," I said, "did we have to collect and count the children? How many miles did we have to walk along platforms in order to find seats in compartments that were already crammed? Why were those two respectable old gentlemen so angry when Frederick trod on all their toes? Why did I have sandwiches and sherry for luncheon? It is a disagreeable and an unusual variety of luncheon. Why am I still covered with crumbs? Why did we leave our comfortable home, and why——"

"And why," she said, "have I married a sphinx? If you have any more riddles in your mind now's the time to get rid of the lot."

"Is this," I said, "your courtesy?"

"No, it's my common sense."

"Ha, ha" I said, laughing bitterly.

"And," she continued, "you'll just have to make the best of it. Besides I may as well tell you at once that you will have to sleep in the little room that looks out on the back. We cannot arrange it in any other way."

"I knew it," I said. "It has been so whenever we have all gone to the seaside together. I have always been squeezed into the little room that looks out on the back. All lodgings at every seaside are alike in this: the father of the family is compelled to look out on the back while his wife and children gaze upon the sea."

"I can put Frederick in with you if you feel lonely," she said.

"No," I said, "I think I will do without Frederick. He is capable of waking at six A.M."

"He always does," she said.

"And he would expect me to tell him a story. I can do much, but I cannot tell a story to a child at six A.M."

"It would be good for you to try just once," she said.

"I think not," I said. "And, besides, it wouldn't be a satisfactory story. Frederick wouldn't like it. He is getting very particular about his stories. He told me to-day he was tired of wishing-caps."

"You might make it a magic ring by way of a change."

"We exhausted all the possibilities of a magic ring long ago," I said. "And dragons and fairy queens are also taboo. No, on mature consideration I will deny myself the pleasure of having Frederick in my room. I will leave him to you."

"That," she said, "is like your generous nature. I accept your gift."

"And you must promise," I said, "not to throw Frederick in my teeth afterwards. You take him with your eyes open. He is a free gift, and you must not look him in the mouth."

"I will take Frederick off your hands," she said, "and expect nothing of you in consequence."

"But tell me," I said, "where are the children?"

"They are upstairs," she said, "unpacking. Do you not hear them?"

"Are they unpacking *my* things?" I said.

"They probably are," she said. "I promised them that as a treat."

"*You* promised them that!" I exclaimed. "But this is madness. How can three girl-children and a boy unpack a father's kit-bag? Everything will get mixed with everything else. My socks will go astray. Francesca, you do not know, being a woman, what a vagrant thing a sock is. And my shirts! They will ruin the fronts of my shirts."

"Oh," she said impatiently, "what *does* it matter at the seaside? Listen," she continued, as a burst of merriment was wafted to us from upstairs; "they are playing with your big bath-sponge.

Would you be so heartless as to interfere with their innocent pleasure?"

"They will get wet through," I said.

"Everybody gets wet through at the seaside."

"Yes," I said, "but not with bath-sponges."

"Well," she said, "if you don't like it why don't you take them out?"

"I will," I said. "Life at the seaside is one long series of takings out."

"Yes," she said, "that's why the beach is there, and the piers, and the esplanade, and the boats, and the boatmen in their blue guernseys. And that's why we brought *Winkles* with us."

"I forgot *Winkles*," I said.

"*Winkles* will have to be taken out on the wettest days. Dogs must be exercised even when children stay at home; and you," she said, "are the one to do it."

"I foresee," I said, "that I shall get plenty of fresh air."

"Don't be so gloomy about it," she said. "What else did you come to the seaside for?"

"I thought I was going to have a rest and enjoy myself."

"What a strange idea," she said.

Punch. *R. C. L.*

NOVELS BY SELMA LAGERLÖF.

Stevenson speaks of life as "that game of consequences to which we all sit down, the hanger-back not least." Most of us take our places feeling that all depends on hazard: the hazard of the dice. But others come to the game with a conviction that the dice are loaded by a benign Hand. Selma Lagerlöf is one of these. And because she is thus convinced her work will appeal the more forcibly to those who have a shrewd suspicion, or a faint hope, that she is right, and will be less sympathetic to those who see life as a more or less picturesque succession of tangled accidents. Selma Lagerlöf shares her religious belief with George Eliot, whose disciple she might have been, so close at times is the resemblance between their work, a resemblance depending largely on the primitive life of their own countryside, which each knows to its inmost core, and which each has depicted minutely. The Swedish novelist does not moralize with the same frequency as George Eliot. Neither does she reach down as George Eliot does to the bedrock on which human nature is built; but now and again she writes a sentence which might have come from the pen of her English sister, though the latter would perhaps have moulded it more carefully. She describes the revenge which a husband takes on the wife whom he believes he has long since forgiven:

> But although it is easy enough to say one forgives, it may be hard to do so, especially for one whose mind is slow and heavy, who ponders over, but never forgets or gives vent to his feelings. Whatever he may say, and however much he may have made up his mind, something is always left within his heart which gnaws and longs to be satisfied with some one else's suffering.

Curiously enough two of the most dramatic incidents in the work of both writers are almost identical. There is no need to suggest plagiarism on the part of the younger of the two. Her story is as convincing as "Janet's

Repentance." It will be remembered that in "Janet's Repentance" the young vicar, locally beloved and revered as a saint, confesses to Janet, when she is plunged in despair after a bout of drunkenness, that he also has sinned deeply; and his confession, which would have ruined him with his people had she divulged it, helps her to take the first step towards repentance. One of the most moving chapters in "Gösta Berling" deals with the same situation. Gösta, the unfrocked priest, the drunkard, a beggar by the roadside, steals, in order to buy drink, the sack of flour of the miserable little neglected daughter of the village priest; and when he wakes up after his drunken sleep, overwhelmed with shame, he determines to commit suicide, and staggers out of the inn and lies down in a snowdrift, to be rescued barely alive and unconscious by a woman:

An hour later the beggar was sitting on a chair near the door of the best room in the publichouse, and before him stood the imperious woman who had saved his life. As Gösta Berling now saw her, on her way home from inspecting the charcoal-burning in the forest, with sooty hands, a clay pipe in her mouth, dressed in a short jacket of unlined sheepskin over a striped woollen homespun shirt, with tarred boots on her feet, and a sheathed knife thrust into the breast of her jacket, as he saw her thus . . . he knew at once he had fallen into the hands of the famous lady of the Manor, the Major's wife at Ekeby. She was the most powerful woman in Värmland . . . and he was only a miserably weak man, waiting for death, knowing full well that every path was too steep for him, every room too narrow, and he trembled as she looked at him.

She stood for some time gazing silently at the human wreck before her —at the red swollen hands, the enfeebled body, and the splendid head, which even in its downfall was radiant in wild beauty. . . .

She offered him a life of idleness and pleasure, but he answered that he must die.

Then she struck the table with her clenched fist. . . .

"Oh, indeed, you want to die, do you? . . . But look at your half-starved body, your helpless limbs, and dim eyes! Do you mean to tell me there is anything left to kill? . . . Don't you suppose that standing here I can see how dead you are, Gösta Berling? What have you but a skull in place of a head, and the worms creep out of your eyes. Don't you taste the earth in your mouth, and don't your bones rattle when you move? You have drowned yourself in drink, Gösta Berling; you are already dead. . . . Don't you think that most people in the world are dead, or half-dead? Do you think we are all alive? Ah! no. Look at me! I am the lady of the Manor at Ekeby. . . . And yet I tell you, boy, I am nothing but a dressed-up corpse. God alone knows how little life there is in me."

In a passage of great beauty she tells him of her miserable marriage, her revenge upon her mother, her fall from chastity:

The beggar sitting at the door listened. . . . This imperious woman made herself his equal in sin, his sister in perdition, to give him the courage to take up his life again. He was to learn that sorrow and reproach rested on other hearts than his alone. . . .

"I am an old woman," she said, "hardened by troubles, and yet I sit here and give myself to the mercy of a beggar whom I found in a snowdrift. It serves me right—at any rate. If you kill yourself, you can't tell anyone what a fool I've been."

"I am doomed. . . . My body has mastered my soul. I must set it free, and let it return to God." . . .

The beggar rose and went with bowed head to the door. . . . He

leaned his forehead against the door-post . . . and wept as if his heart was breaking.

Margarita Samzelius flung her pipe into the fire, and came to him with a movement as tender as a mother.

"Hush-hush, my boy."

And she drew him down beside her on the bench near the door, so that he wept with his head pillowed on her knees.

". . . If you will live I promise you to take the priest's daughter and make a good woman of her, so that she will thank her God one day that you stole her flour. . . ."

Then he wrung his hands in despair. He saw before him the child's cunning eyes, her little drawn mouth and bony hands. She would receive protection, and be cared for, and the marks of neglect would disappear from her body; the anger would be wiped out of her soul, . . .

"I will not kill myself while she is under your care," he said. "I knew you would compel me to live. I felt that you would be too strong for me."

"Gösta Berling," she answered solemnly, "I have fought for you as for my own soul. . . . And it was whispered to me that you would give up that terrible determination for the sake of that poor child. Oh, you wild birds, you fly daringly, but the Lord knows the net which will catch you."

Possibly in "Gösta Berling" a truer note is struck even than in "Janet's Repentance." For Janet reforms and never relapses, while Gösta drifts for years aimlessly through life until "it seemed to him that for an unfrocked priest all roads to amendment were closed."

Selma Lagerlöf may not be a born novelist, but she is a born story-teller. Although we quickly become aware that she believes the dice are loaded, although she shows that they are loaded, nevertheless we cannot resist the conviction that everything happened exactly as she says it did. As she has seen life in Värmland, so she has written it down, with its folk-lore, and its ardent love affairs, and its quarrels, and its wild beasts, and its frozen rivers, and its perpetual merry-makings and feasts. It is all spread out before us with an integrity and sincerity which admits of no doubt. She tells us that in writing "Gösta Berling" she was determined that "each chapter should be complete in itself." Each chapter is in consequence an independent short story. The connecting thread is often of the slightest. But this method of composition is admirably adapted to the gold mine in which she is working. It would have been a thousand pities if she had been a more sophisticated writer, if she had yearned to be artistic, nay even if she had learnt to discard or to sift her material.

We want to know all about Captain Kristian Bergh, "as big as Gurlita cliff and as stupid as a mountain gnome." We poor Islanders may not realize how stupid a mountain gnome is, but we feel the writer does, and that is enough for us. And we should like to probe deeper into Kristian's mind when at the great supper party at Ekeby he threw the grouse against the wall because he thought they were crows. We read and re-read every detail of Gösta Berling's sleigh drive by night with Marianne, and how they were pursued by wolves and he threw out a volume of "Corinne" at the foremost, and then hung out the carriage rug behind for them to tear. We want to know all about the painted ceiling of Svartsjo Church, where the artist had depicted the saints rising to heaven on clouds, and had painted solid wooden chairs on the clouds, "so that they might be carried sitting comfortably into eternity." And our curiosity is only whetted, not satisfied, about the Dovres witch, the leader of the wolf packs, who came down from her mountains in her birch-bark shoes,

to view the dwarfish ways of men, and to whom Countess Märta refused the ham, the newly smoked ham scented with juniper. For which cause the witch cursed her, telling her the magpies should eat her. And immediately the magpies attacked Countess Märta in the garden, and forced her to live indoors by settling in hundreds on the roof and balustrade, and rushing at her if she came near a window. There is a great deal about feasting in these books. Cupboards full of food, and shelves full of silver tankards, and presses full of clothes; these are the emblems of riches. A prosperous peasant on his deathbed congratulates himself in the presence of his family—

I have not driven my horses violently uphill; I have never let the cattle stand starving in the winter, nor have I let the sheep swelter in their heavy fleeces in summer. I have three silver tankards, and my father had only one.

"Gösta Berling" will probably remain Selma Lagerlöf's most popular book in this country, partly because it is fairly well translated, though not by an English hand. The name of the translator, Lillie Tudeer, suggests a Swedish origin, and there are a few slips of which an English translator could not have been guilty, such as "My conscience almost smited me." In the "Miracles of Antichrist" the scene is laid in Italy and Sicily and the characters are mainly Italians. In "Jerusalem" part only of the story takes place in Sweden. These two books lack in consequence the peculiar charm of atmosphere which pervades "Gösta Berling," "From a Swedish Homestead," and "The Girl from the Marsh Croft." "The Story of a Country House" (part of the volume entitled "From a Swedish Homestead") is in many ways a finer achievement than "Gösta Berling," but it is, alas! disfigured in the English version. Yet, in spite of many irritating phrases, "The Story of a Country House" leaves on the mind an impression of serenity and austere beauty. One compares it with Mr. Kipling's "Brushwood Boy," but not unfavorably. A poor child, journeying with a company of strolling players, always remembers the rich, handsome young student who was momentarily kind to her. She dreams of him as she grows into a woman. She always hopes to meet him again. He says reproachfully in her dreams, "It is always I who come," and yet he never comes. At last she realizes that he is none other than the poor mad pedlar with his sack, whom she often meets, and of whom she is afraid. Her faithfulness to him and her slow, difficult redemption of him are told with great simplicity and beauty.

The last volume to be translated into English is "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," which appeared after its author had been awarded the Nobel Prize. It is a story which in the original probably possesses charm, as it certainly possesses originality, but it has been so mauled, so mangled in translation that it is doubtful if it can be read with any pleasure. We can but guess at the nationality of the translator, Velma Swanston Howard, but our blood runs cold when we read such sentences as "Along in the forenoon they travelled home," or "She had gone up to Stockholm around Christmas time," or "the swamp back of the house," or "He was changed and made over in a single night." The man who was thus "made over" was a musician; and he is described as walking home down a valley one night with his violin, beside a stream, and just before the dawn he meets the Water Spirit under the guise of a maiden, who asks him to play for her. But when he begins she says of his

performance, "There is no vim in it." She, the Water Spirit, standing beside running water under the morning star, actually says, "There is no *vim* in it." The book drops from our paralyzed hand, which has not sufficient vim in it to hold it another second.

The Times.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The scene of "The Debt," by William Westrup, is South Africa, and it is told with that peculiar placid charm which is the hall-mark of Dutch influence. Although most of its people are either petty, ignorant, or malicious, and their life sordid, the reader sees them through the same luminous calm that fills the pictures of Ruysdael and de Hoogh. It is the story of the man Ryan who comes to the city from the veldt to see a little real life, falls quickly into love and into debt, and finally becomes so hopelessly entangled in the meshes of civilization that he can only "stand like a big, patient ox, wounded, without knowing where," until his friend Lensford, whose life he once saved out on the veldt, weirdly pays the debt which gives the book its title, and sets him free. The plot is unusually well articulated, and its incidents are skilfully written. The book remains in the mind as a picture of the life of the frontier mining city, Johannesburg,—narrow, greedy, and brutal. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

England's war with the Boers in South Africa is the background of a great novel by Gilbert Parker, "The Judgment House." Admirers of the author's former work take up the book hoping that they may find the same charm and verve which characterized those stories of Canada, with an added strength and maturity. At first the tale moves slowly, even ponderously as the reader becomes acquainted with Rudyard Byng, pioneer and millionaire, Jan Stafford, the cultured diplomat, Al'mah, the great singer, Jasmine, the beautiful woman who held such great destinies in her unrealizing hands, Krool, Byng's treacherous half-caste servant, and other characters, minor but none the less living. But once launched, the plot moves forward with an irresistible force. The title in its significance harks back to an idea of which the author from his earliest writings has always seemed so fond: that of the soul coming to some terrible place or experience to be judged. The setting of the story is on a tremendous scale, and it can be truthfully said that the characters measure up to their background. Those who expect much of Gilbert Parker will not be disappointed, for here he is at his best. Harper and Brothers.

The request of a certain "M.S." is the cause assigned by Mr. Will Levington Comfort as accounting for the existence of his "The Road of Living Men," a tale entirely unlike those which he has from time to time given to the world. In it, he essays a double task: first, of picturing China during the Boxer rebellion, giving the central position to a Chinese official, deeply versed in the learning not only of his own country, but of the Occident; and second, of creating some stupendous prehistoric earthworks in South America, and conveying him thither to fulfil his unhappy but striking destiny. A great variety of muscular Christians, English and American, and two wondrously fascinating, beautiful, and de-

voted women appear at intervals in both parts of the story, which is almost too elaborate in detail, and very carefully written. The request of "M. S." makes part of the dedication of the book, but is followed by Mr. Comfort's modest disclaimer of belief that he has succeeded in filling the sumptuous frame therein provided for him. Nevertheless, its stimulus seems to have moved him to the production of a romance more original and more entertaining than any of his earlier books and entitling him to high rank among American writers of Oriental and of Utopian fiction. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Few books could safely risk a frontispiece as alluring as the slender maiden who stands at the portal of Anna Coleman Ladd's "The Candid Adventurer,"—silhouetted against the warm Italian sunlight, beautiful, finely self-contained, but wistful, with a half unconscious loneliness. One finally turns away to the story, eager, yet reluctant, hardly hoping to find the reality more than commonplace beside the artist's vision. But Mrs. Ladd's Golda is the same haunting figure as Mr. Caffrey's, and there is the young splendor of Jerome Leigh and the incomparable vacuity of Mrs. Osborne, besides. A certain sketchiness of plot is only a desirable infirmity; a heavier frame would kill the picture by blotting out its chiaroscuro of little ironies and half-regrets and light insouciance. For, after all, "The Candid Adventurer" is not so much a novel as a fountain of effervescent youth, paved with a rich mosaic of all the arts, and bubbling with the fragrance of many languages—pouring out an exhilarating ode to beauty and the joy of living. And if it attempts, incidentally, to hasten with its stream, the stately revolutions of a certain Hub, as if it were a mere mill-wheel,—why, that has always proved an amusing pastime for everyone concerned. And much can be forgiven a book that manages to be cosmopolitan without being blasé, and to fill itself with art without seeming "cultured." Houghton Mifflin Co.

The scene of "The Princess Athura," by Samuel W. Odell, (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.) is laid in Persia in the sixth century B. C. It deals with the brutal reign of Cambyses after the death of Cyrus, and his final overthrow by Darius. There are vivid descriptions of battles and banquets; and the stage-setting has been carefully studied from history. But unfortunately, for one's pleasure in reading, the conversational style of the characters seems to have been studied from the conventional figures in the bas-reliefs which have come down to us from that period. Imperatives and vocatives ring incessantly in one's ears, and exclamation points stand as thick as javelins.

One book at least, "The Quarry," by John A. Moroso, has departed from the tradition of lurid melodrama and squalid tragedy which seems to govern the modern chronicles of crime. Its widely heralded grim realism proves to be only an earnest, naive sincerity. Not that it lacks any of the standard elements of books of its class,—prognathous-jawed criminals, human bloodhounds, a thrilling escape from Sing Sing, a plot that keeps the reader breathless, and the indispensable "uplift,"—but in the midst of this curious company, dominating them all, is a sweet simplicity of style. It misses by a hair breadth's a dozen of the pitfalls to which sweetness and simplicity of style expose an author—these escapes are almost as thrilling as the hero's!—but misses them so surely that it would be unkind to point them out. A manner so completely free from any

taint of self-consciousness,—a virtue even rarer in books than in people, and especially rare in stories as good as "The Quarry,"—disarms all criticism. Little, Brown & Co.

A volume of six one-act plays by George Middleton is entitled "Tradition" from the title of the first play in the series. All six bear the distinguishing marks of Mr. Middleton's earlier work; unhurried power, the ability to catch every day human speech, and compactness of structure. It is with women that the plays deal essentially, either a dramatic moment in some woman's life, or the dramatic effect of a woman's actions upon other lives. The first play "Tradition" shows a situation not original but carefully worked out. It is the struggle of a girl to develop her personality by work, in opposition to her father's traditional views of a woman's place. "On Bail" shows the effect of a greedy, money-loving woman upon her husband and son. In "Their Wife" two men who have been loved and cheated by the same woman, meet and discuss the situation. This play is the most unusual of the six. "Waiting" shows the tragedy of a school teacher whose lover made her wait too long while he established himself in the business world and thereby lost her love. "The Cheat of Pity" has for its theme the cheating of a woman's right to happiness, first by the cruelty and later by the physical helplessness of her husband. "Mothers," the last play, tells of the mother of a spoiled and worthless son who realizes that her love and care might better have been used for the good of other people. All the plays are thoughtful and thought producing. As the author says for them in his preface: "they seek to show revealing moments in the larger drama which has preceded or may inevitably follow." Henry Holt & Co.

The picture of village life which forms the scene of Mrs. Frances Newton Symmes Allen's new novel, "The Invaders," will seem to many readers as familiar as the common little wild rose of New England's roadsides and quite as freshly charming. Many of us seem to have lived in "Fernfield" or have spent happy summers there, or at least have visited the grandfather or uncle who lives there still. We know the pathos of the old order's changing, we have seen the old first families dying out or departing and their stately homes falling into the hands of foreigners, beckoned from across the seas by industries new and strange. This is an old story to most of us, but it is not so common to find the Fernfield spirit of kindly insight which in the opening pages sees demonstrated a cheering and beautiful kinship at the Memorial Day celebration, when the children of Ireland and Poland far outnumber the descendants of the Puritans in the school chorus of "The Star Spangled Banner." Oh, that school celebration, with its threatening rain, its uncomprehending child celebrants, its fading wild flowers and its lonely old Major! How many hundred hamlets see its like each year! And the "Food Sale"! Have we not attended such and bought the melting cakes and tasted the joys of tea and talk with pretty girls returned from college. Close the book with the hope that the village of our memory may find among its particular invading throng just such a Polish genius or Irish gentleman as Fernfield found among her onion and tobacco growers. Or, if this is too much to hope, let us pray that Fernfield's wise charity and tolerance if applied to the problems of other villages may disclose kindly hearts and noble purposes among the newcomers, and a true prince charming for every pretty waiting village maiden. Houghton Mifflin Co.